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No. 188.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENCE.

BY FRANK M. LINDSAY.

There's a beautiful presence in our home
Which follows me all day long,
Its radiance beams where'er I roam,
And burdens my heart of song.
Oh, can you not guess what this nectar is
That rills my chalice o'er,
And makes my hallowed day-dreams dwell
On the blissful Evermore?

As I pace my vine-bordered lattice
Where sun-darts filter through,
This beautiful, soulful joyousness
Outrivals the sunbeam here,
Oh, can you not think what this brightness is
That comes at twilight's hour,
And fills my dreaming fancies
With strange, sweet, mystic power?

Methinks as I list to the carolling notes
That evening songsters trill,
That this earth-born spirit from the wildwood came
Our homelands bow to fill.
Ah, now you know what this being is
That makes my heart love-true,
List, the whistled, joy-breathed tone:
'Tis Lura, our poet-child.

Ytol:

Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon.

A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "STEADFAST HEART," "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "AND SCORCHER," "PEARL OF TEARS," "HIBBLES," "THE SUNDOWN," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A HEART'S SACRIFICE TO DUTY.

"But whence the deadly hate
That caused all this?"

—ROGER.

"The silent, soft and humble heart
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that can not part
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes."

—FERNIVAL.

"I know not if the sunshine waste
The world is dark since thou art gone!"

—WILLIS.

The Dufours were near neighbors to our characters of the Lyn farm.

A broad estate it was, with acres richly cultivated through the seasons, and yielding bountiful harvests. Its handsome dwelling had been improved many times within a few years; and whatever Gerald Dufour lacked in other qualifications, he certainly had the reputation of being a steady, business-like, successful farmer.

He was a man of peculiar likes and dislikes; morose-tempered, and exceedingly unpopular in Bud Villa. But whether this latter fact annoyed him was not apparent; he was always cold, haughty, irritable, decidedly bear-like in his domestic life, and, by his actions, causing braver gossip to say that there must be some great secret locked in Gerald Dufour's breast, which made him seem to dread a too close contact with the busy world.

Wharfe, after separating from his sad little sweetheart, on that bright Sunday noon, reached home just as the farmer and his wife were sitting down to dinner.

He perceived a worried look in his mother's face; and on his father's brow there was a lowering frown, boding a tempest.

"Well, sir," said Gerald Dufour, carving spitefully at the fowl, "where have you been?"

Wharfe was surprised. Such a question had not been asked him for over a year.

"Over to the Lyn farm, father."

"Ahem!—have, eh? To see that girl Ytol?"

A pause ensued, the silence broken by the cracking of the bones and joints, as the knife went savage and jerking through the meat.

Mrs. Dufour sat very still.

"Well, sir, I saw you."

"Saw me, father?"

"Yes, sir, I want you to understand that I saw you—saw it all."

"What, father?"

"Your outlandish tom-fooleries with the waif of the Lyn farm."

"There's nothing foolish between Ytol and I."

"I say there is!" interrupted Dufour, striking the table with the handle of his knife, neglecting the carving, and gazing sternly at his son.

The contention had begun. Mrs. Dufour gave her husband an appealing glance; but it was lost.

"I say there is foolishness between you and this girl Ytol—too much of it. And I want it stopped. Do you hear?—stopped at once!"

"Father!" began Mrs. Dufour.

"Silence!" And to Wharfe: "She has already captivated you by her pretty face and artful coyness. If it goes any further, there'll be trouble. Remember that—trouble."

Wharfe's handsome face colored; but his voice was firm as he asked:

"What has Ytol done, father, that you object to my acquaintance with her?"

"No matter," bluntly, and he resumed his manipulation of knife and fork.

"Has Ytol ever wronged you?"

A momentary glance from the hard, dark eyes; but no return.

"Is not Ytol a good girl, father?"

"She is, indeed," put in Mrs. Dufour, who felt it her duty to do the friendless child that justice.

"Dora!" he exclaimed.

"I can't help it, Gerald; everybody knows that Ytol is gentle and good, though no one will bestow a smile upon her."

"Because she's a waif, the offspring of some disreputable pair—"

"Take care!" she warned, in a strange tone, as he uttered the last.

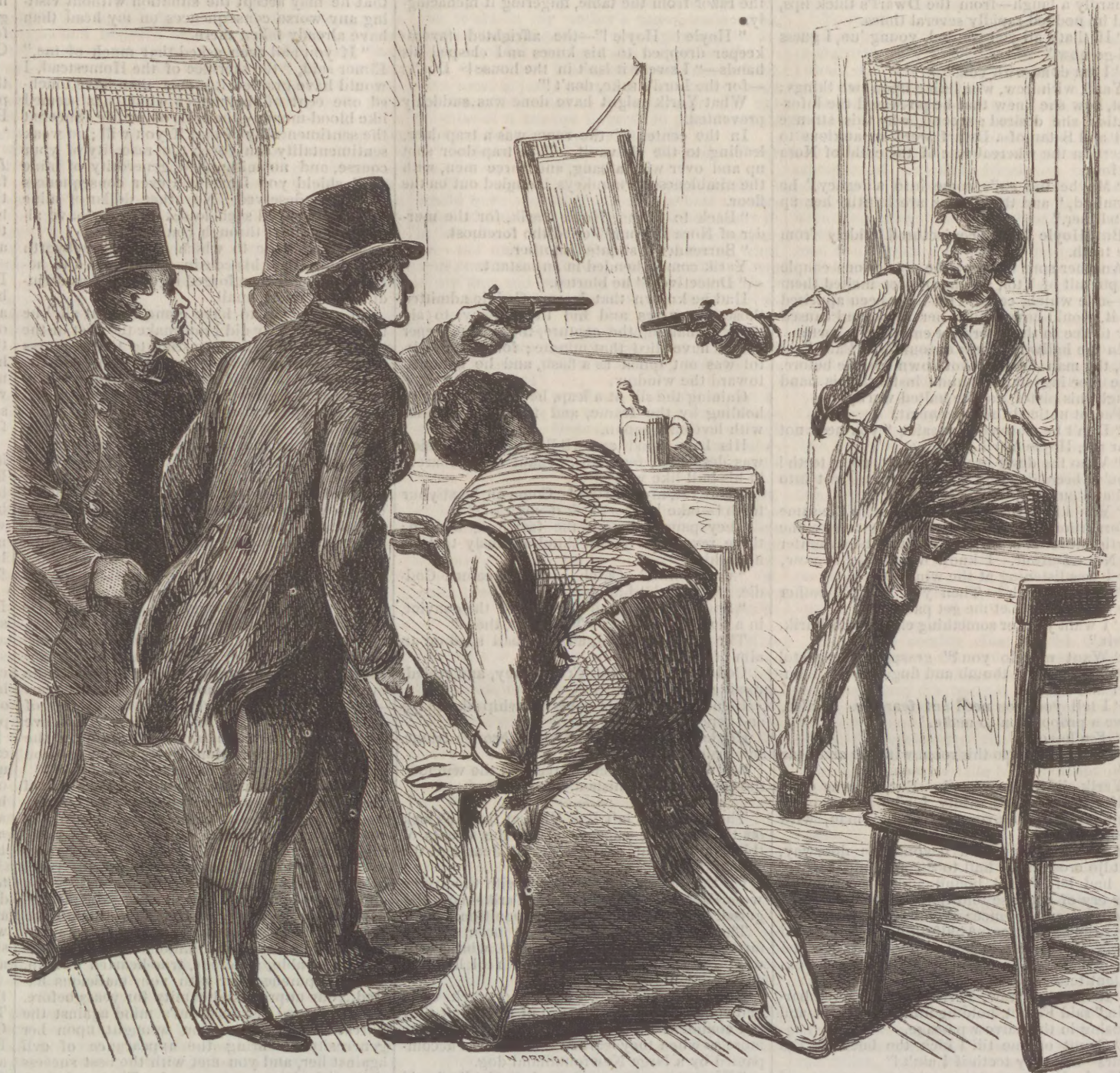
"She's a waif, and that's enough."

"Not enough for me," defended the wife.

"The child is not to blame for—"

"Dora!—you forget yourself," sharply, and with rising anger.

There was far more of meaning in this reminder than a listener could detect. She made



"Not yet, my hearties! Come on, blast your teeth I—take Hoyle Yarik, if you can!"

no further remark, but gazed steadily into his face, which was purpling with a half-curbed passion.

"They are already too intimate. I saw him kiss her."

"Nay, dear father and mother, don't quarrel—and about Ytol," begged Wharfe.

"The first thing we know they'll be genuine lovers. Then what? Do you suppose I would permit it? Sooner see him dead! I have other views for our son."

"You should have spoken sooner, father," said Wharfe.

"What do you mean by that?"

"We are lovers already."

"What?"

"It is too late now for us to be dragged asunder."

"What—what have you been saying to her?" he gasped, choking with rage.

"The same that you said to my mother once," answered Wharfe, calmly, and his honest brown eyes never flinched.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are pledged to each other?—you two children?"

"Don't be angry, father. I know that everybody is unkind to Ytol, because she is poor and shrouded in mystery, because she can not name her parents. She is abused by words and acts, despised and buffeted. But she is good and pure, and her father and mother must have been like her—"

"They were not. Bad philosophy!" Dufour said, frowning.

"The fairest flowers come from the filthiest dirt perhaps!"

"Her God is our God!" continued the boy, eloquently, "and in His eyes she is spotless, and worthy of anybody's love. If she is unfortunate, it is not her fault. Not a girl in the whole village more deserving than she for her truth, her humble spirit, and her modesty. She loves me dearly. And I have vowed—yes, vowed that she shall be my wife."

"Never!—if I have to kill you first," cried the father, half-blind, and swaying unsteadily in his consuming wrath. "How dare you!—you—"

"Oh, Heaven!" moaned Mrs. Dufour, hiding her face in her hands.

"Father!" Wharfe arose, and stood holding by the back of his chair, while his face glowed, "do not talk of killing me; you are not yourself now, and know not what you say. I am sorry that I should have gone contrary to your wishes; but, I repeat, it is too late to retract. I could not—if I would—desert Ytol, without breaking her confiding heart. Heaven knows, her existence is miserable enough as it is—and that same Heaven shall judge me when I say I will be true to Ytol though I have to rebel against you!"

The boy was warmed to a vigorous spirit, giving vent to his feelings in a way that held Gerald Dufour, for the time, listening. His eyes flashed out the enthusiasm of his soul; he raised a hand aloft and pointed upward, as if invoking the ear of Him who best knew the right and wrong of this impressive scene.

For several seconds the irate farmer seemed bereft of speech. Then:

"Curse this Ytol! Curse her winning ways! Accursed be every hour of her existence! You shall not marry her! I would rather stab you to the heart first! You shall not!—you shall not!—no!—never!"

He wheeled from the table, and grasping up his hat, strode from the house.

He walked along the gravelled way at a quick, uneven pace, and, pursuing an indefinite course, presently entered one of the broad fields just greenening with young wheat.

He was lost to every thing but his passion, which consumed him, maddened him; and all singular and unexplained this dire, more than hatred, which he evinced toward pretty, harmless Ytol.

Then a revolution seemed to form within him. A short distance off, on the right, he could see farmer Lyn's house; and he turned abruptly in its direction, muttering:

"She must be gotten out of the way. This must be prevented. Curse the fate which has attached to her line!—one that, deprived me of a brother. My son marry her?—never!"

As he neared the dwelling, he paused on hearing a loud cry coming from within.

Rebecca Lyn's voice was crying out harshly, and Ytol was screaming for mercy, as the relentless spiteful plied the stinging strap.

"Mother Lyn! Mother Lyn! Don't!—oh, don't beat her any more!" rang in the ears of the listener outside, as he halted behind the angle of the stable.

Perhaps Gerald Dufour might have softened toward the unhappy creature while thus witnessing her actual sufferings. But the dark cloud settled again in his face.

"No, no; no pity here. No pity for the child of those for whom I once swore eternal hate! And sooner than see her the wife of Wharfe, I'd kill both her and him."

Then Mother Lyn:

"Now, you wizen! I said I'd thrash you when I came back, and I've kept my word. Away with you, and bring the chickens for dinner. Stir yourself, or I'll give you some more!"

Ytol came out, weeping bitterly. Her whipping had been severe; yet she felt far more the undying animosity of her tormentor than she did the merciless blows.

Not a day passed without the usual punishment, till her tender flesh was striped and blue with the marks of violence.

"Ytol," called a low voice near her. She looked quickly up.

"Why, Mr. Dufour—are you here?"

"Come to me, Ytol; I want to speak to you."

His tone was kind and persuasive. It was assumed to further his plans—for he had conceived a plot by which to sunder the mutual attachment existing between the two children.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Dufour,"—he said, "but, indeed, I haven't a minute to spare. I must hurry back, or mother Lyn will beat me. Won't you step up and see them at the house?"

"I want to see you—not them. You poor child! I heard her whipping you, just now. I feel for you."

It had been long since Gerald Dufour used the kindly tone with which he now addressed Ytol.

His sympathy brought back the tears which she had wiped away on seeing him, and her lips quivered with a suppressed sob.

"Come here, Ytol. I'll be answerable for your delay. I have something important to speak to you."

Feeling assured of his protection, she obeyed.

"My child," he said, "you have done very wrong; do you know it?"

"I don't know in what you mean, Mr. Dufour; but everybody says that of me, whatever I do, so it must be so."

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean: you have won the love of my son, Wharfe."

She started and paled.

"And is that a sin, Mr. Dufour? Oh! it has been my only happiness. No one loves me—everybody hates me. Wharfe has not treated me like the rest—and I have blessed him for it. What is there wrong in that?"

"Wait, wait. You do not consider how serious it may turn out. Now, Ytol, I admit you are an unfortunate girl. But that can not alter the case. Let me be plain. You and Wharfe can never be married with my consent. You love him?"

"Oh! I do love him, Mr. Dufour. Don't say that we must be parted!"

"Be sensible, Ytol. If you love him, then you must make a sacrifice in his interest."

"How?" pulling nervously at the corner of her apron.

"If he persists in holding to his vows, I shall disown him," very calmly, but very distinctly.

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"If he persists in holding to his vows, I shall disown him," very calmly, but very distinctly.

"Yes. You could find pleasure among strangers."

"Oh! I couldn't leave father Lyn," said the child; "he does all he can for me. I never thought of such a thing as running away."

"But it's high time you did, my dear. I make you an offer: I'll give you a thousand dollars, if you'll leave these parts forever."

"A thousand dollars!" Ytol instantly thought of what might possibly be accomplished with such a sum; and notwithstanding she did not wish to give up father Lyn, she began to consider the temptation.

Still, her eyes drooped with this fresh pang that was in her heart, and the fair head sunk slowly forward.

"It is the only way in which you can break off the unlucky engagement with Wharfe. You can not marry him, and you will both feel bad every time you meet, knowing this. Nobody will mourn your absence particularly; and with a thousand dollars in your pocket, who knows but what some day, you may be a grand lady?"

And Ytol, to herself:

"There would be an end to these cruel whippings. I might educate myself with the money. Perhaps, after all, Wharfe will not miss me so much. He would soon find somebody else to love better than me. Besides, I would not marry him without his father's consent, and ruin all his prospects. All's for the best—"

"Well, Ytol, what do you say?"

"Mr. Dufour—it cost a superhuman effort, I think I'll do as you advise."

Gerald Dufour lost no time, now, in clinching the matter.

"To-night, at twelve o'clock," he said, almost hissing, "meet me at the mill-stone. I'll be there to give you the money. You can take the Bud Villa stage at 3 A. M.; and after that, go where you please."

"I'll be there," promised Ytol, lowly.

"Do not fail."

Just then came the harsh voice of Rebecca Lyn.

"Ytol, you wizen! where's them chickens?"

"Coming, mother Lyn—coming," answered Dufour, advancing briskly; and to Ytol: "Make haste, my dear; I'll see you through."

At sight of the visitor, mother Lyn's exterior changed wonderfully. She greeted him with utmost cordiality.

"Why, good-day, neighbor Dufour. How do you do? Come right straight in and make yourself at home. We're very glad to see you. Herbert! Herbert! Herb-e-r-t! here's dear Mr. Dufour come to see us. Herbert, I say!"

Dufour lingered long enough to explain that Ytol had delayed to converse with him, at his request, and was not to blame. He also exacted a promise from mother Lyn that the strap should not be used again during the afternoon.

He was elated with the success of his proposition to the young girl. When he took his departure—declining their pressing invitation to dine—his habitually stern countenance wore a satisfied, even jubilant expression, and he chuckled lowly.

That night Ytol did not undress, but threw herself on the narrow couch, and lay silent in the cheerless room, with face buried in the coarse pillow.

After a while she began to sob in a hushed, painful way, and her lips murmured, brokenly: "Oh, Wharfe!—dear Wharfe! And so I must give you up, after all? God bless you for every kind word with which you tried to cheer me! God bless you always, and teach you, in his strength, for your own good, to forget poor Ytol. Oh, heaven!—the sweet heaven Wharfe taught me to believe is far beyond the skies, and peopled with angels that sympathize with, and watch over the oppressed—aid me, now! Let me not plead in vain for that comfort and guidance which, he said, always came in answer to prayer."

She slid from the bed and knelt down, raising her eyes upward in the darkness, and praying fervently.

The tears gushed anew over her cheeks, for Wharfe had taught her that very appeal to God—a sublime, yet simple beseeching, whispered by a weary, laden soul. Slowly the hours passed; the night deepened, and she remained there, with face hid in the coverlet to drown the sobbing; and the whole picture of the past—with its trials—was flitting through her mind: a panorama, blank and sad, interspersed by the few recollections of endearment that centered round Wharfe Dufour.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, a tip-toeing figure glided forth into the starry night.

It was Ytol.

She paused a moment to look back on her home of sadness.

Carlo, the watch-dog, came bounding to her side with a low whine of pleasure.

"Good-by, Carlo—dear old fellow! good-by. You always loved me, poor thing. I'm sorry to leave you, but I must. Poor dear Carlo! how we have played together. You won't have anybody to romp with when I am gone. You'll soon forget me, though; Ytol won't be remembered long. Good-by."

She bent, as she talked in this strain, to caress the faithful animal that fawned affectionately against her. Then she started down the spectral lane, to keep her engagement at the mill-stone.

Carlo followed close at her side. She strove repeatedly to drive him back, but he would not leave her. He seemed to feel that she needed a protector; and finally, fearful of being late at the appointed spot, she allowed him his own way.

Ytol never dreamed then that he was to be her valued companion in the checkered career about to open on her young life.

When morning broke Ytol and Carlo were missed.

Greatest excitement prevailed on the Lyn farm. The "hands" were dispatched to scour in every direction, and a messenger was sent to Bud Villa, to make inquiries.

Rebecca Lyn immediately concluded that the child had run off, and she waited, grinding her

false teeth and fingering the strap, vowing direct punishment when the "vixen" should be brought before her.

But Ytol was not to be found, of course. Herbert Lyn tried not to believe that she had surely fled, and forced himself to appear calm, while his heart was mourning.

The messenger returned in due time from Bud Villa, with the intelligence that Ytol had left in the three-o'clock stage accompanied by a dog known as belonging to the Lyn farm.

The farmer was utterly broken down in spirit by the news. He sat like a statue before the hearth-stone, with a single burning tear trickling down his hot cheek.

"Poor Ytol! Poor little Ytol!" he murmured; "I loved her as if she was my own child. It was your fault, mother Lyn—all yours; you drove her out into the cold world. May God forgive you for it! I feel that we shall never see her again—never. Poor—friendless—Ytol!"

Rebecca Lyn said nothing. She hung up the strap on its pin, and went moodily about her household affairs. It may be, just the slightest pricking of remorse entered her hardened bosom at the moment, caused by reflections on the past treatment of the child, and thoughts of the dangers to which she would be exposed while struggling alone amid the cold charity of the earth's people.

Far off, on the banks of the shining bay, a figure was wandering about in loneliness, with sorrow-hung head.

Wharfe Dufour.

The boy realized his loss all too keenly. When he knew that Ytol had gone—perhaps forever—a damp despair shadowed over his heart; the sunny hopes and ambitions which he had cherished, to share with his loved companion, all sunk in ashes; and he roamed disconsolately night the dear, familiar tryst, talking and moaning to himself, and calling Ytol's name, as if he expected to see her spring from some near covert to meet him as she had been wont.

"Oh, Ytol!—Ytol!" he groaned, in an anguished spirit; "you never loved me truly, or you would not have done this. I could bear it if it was only for a while, but to lose you forever—to see you no more! I can not live without you! Come back to me, Ytol!—come back!"

The ripple of the waters thrown by the soft breeze in tiny waves upon the shore; the gay, melodious warbles of birds that had no interest in his woe; the swaying of budding branches, and mysterious sighs—these alone answered him.

All around seemed very, very drear. There were no longer any charms in the bursting beauties of spring-time; every thing seemed dark and misful, since the sweetest, rarest flower of the scene was missing.

Ytol was miles away, speeding over the railroad, with Carlo napping at her feet—speeding further and further from the heart that pined for her, and wondering, silently, what her future was to be.

How many of us, like to her, have wondered thus, building golden castles or glorious ideals—see them vanish in the gull-girt realms of Time?

CHAPTER IV. ON THE TRAIL.

"This is the race for gain and grace,
Richer than vases and crowns."

—Tennyson.

"How little we may count upon the future,
Or reckon what that future may bring forth!"

—Norton.

HOYLE YARIK shrunk back before the glistering blade in Dwila's hand.

Her determined, threatening tone was not to be mistaken; he saw that the girl would fight to the death—stab him, perhaps, if he advanced another step, and he returned the flashing gaze of her lustrous eyes, pausing before her in momentary indecision.

"Well, what in thunder does all this mean?" he demanded in a high key.

"It means that you are a fool to be frightened so easily. You are not in danger. Wait till Catdjo secures that man, and we'll proceed to business. Are you hurt, Catdjo?"

The dwarf made a sign in the negative; but even as he did so he wiped away the blood that was trickling from a wound in his forehead, and marring his vision.

Paul Faerot still lay as if dead. The dwarf soon had him tightly bound, hand and foot.

"Take him from the room," ordered Dwila.

Catdjo raised the limp, heavy form in his muscular arms, and carried it into one of the opposite apartments, during which space Dwila explained to the convict.

Yarik was soon assured, and he restored the pistol to his pocket.

"Blast my teeth!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had a trap for me. Since it's all right, why—yes, we'll proceed to business. Drive ahead, young'un."

He swaggered roilingly across the room, and seated himself upon the lounge, eying her stoically.

Catdjo returned, bathing his forehead with a rag. The bullet of Faerot's pistol had gouged an ugly furrow just above the temple, but the hurt was not serious.

"Now, Hoyle Yarik, do you accept my proposition?" Just state it over again, young'un. How was it? palling his head down over his eyes, and smoothing his beard with an air of importance.

"I want to know what became of Nora Dufour, after she left the grave of her husband, Silas, with her babe in her arms? or, what became of that babe after it was separated from its mother, if it was separated? Or, if Nora Dufour is alive, where is she to be found?"

"Ah!—um!" vented Yarik, removing his hat and running his fingers through his matted hair, with his elbow propped on his knee.

"Well, Nora Dufour's dead—I reckon"—nodding significantly.

"Then the child?"

"Where's the cash, young'un?" extending one hand, and snapping his fingers meaningly. Dwila received a large pocket-book from the Dwarf. Extracting the sum she had offered, she said, inquiringly:

"You will tell me?"

"Yes."

"Mind, no trickery—"

"Just hand over them notes, young'un, and you'll get what you want."

When he had carefully stowed away the money which Dwila gave him, he walked to the window, relieved his mouth of its cud, swaggared back to his seat, and said:

"Now, I'll take mighty few words to tell the whole thing."

"Yes, yes."

At that moment, unperceived by the girl, the Dwarf or the convict, the same shadow that had previously caused the scene of commotion, fell across the shattered panes, and rested on the curtain.

Paul Faerot had burst his bonds, and was at his former stand playing eavesdropper.

"Go on, Hoyle Yarik—this child?"

"Well, you must know. Nora Dufour died pretty soon after her husband. You know how he died?"

"It was supposed that he was murdered."

"Well—yes," mysteriously, and glancing covertly at her.

"Never mind that, Hoyle Yarik; but, go on."

"Before Nora Dufour died, she took her baby to a farm-house, and left it on the porch. She hadn't a red penny in the world, and was sick at the time, so she thought she'd turn the helpless thing over to somebody at night raise it to some good—"

"Where is this place? Where did she leave the babe?" interrupted Dwila.

"It was at the Lyn farm, about one mile outside of Bud Villa, on the up-country road."

"And how long ago was it?"

"Some fifteen years, near as I can remember."

"Has the child a name?"

"Yes, I think Herbert Lyn called it 'Ytol.' But, maybe it's changed since. I've been in jail high onto six years."

"Then the child of Silas and Nora Dufour is at a place near here, known as the Lyn farm? And she—it is a girl?"

"Yes."

"She is called Ytol?"

"That's it. Toto!"

"Do you hear, Catdjo?"

There came a low, chuckling, guttural sound—hardly a laugh—from the Dwarf's thick lips, and he nodded rapidly several times.

"If that's all you wanted, young'un, I guess I'll go now."

"I am done with you."

Yarik withdrew, wondering upon two things: first, how she knew that he possessed the information she desired; second, why this strange girl and Sultan-of-a-Dwarf were so anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of the child of Nora Dufour.

"Maybe the gal's come into a legacy," he surmised, "and these folks are huntin' her up to tell her."

But Hoyle Yarik conjectured widely from the truth.

Another spur brought the mysterious couple in pursuit of Ytol, another object incited them on—one which, could Ytol have been apprised of it, would have chilled her blood and caused her to flee to the uttermost ends of the earth.

In the hallway, Yarik encountered Paul Faerot, the man he had shot down awhile before.

The meeting startled him; instantly his hand sought his pistol, and he halted warily.

Faerot noticed the movement.

"Don't be alarmed," he said; "you need not fear me, Hoyle Yarik."

"Who the devil are you? blast your teeth! You've been dogging me ever since I got into jail and out of it."

"You know that I sought exactly the same information which you have just given to the parties in room 3. I'm after Ytol, the daughter of Nora Dufour. I know where she is now, for I was listening at the window."

"You was, eh? Then you needn't bother me any more. Let me get past here."

"I want you for something else, Hoyle Yarik. Wait."

"Want me, do you?" grasping the pistol butt, and fitting thumb and finger to the hammer and trigger.

"I tell you you need not fear me. I, also, have a proposition to make."

"You have?"

"Yes. Step into this room with me and hear it."

Yarik did as requested. But, he was only half-satisfied of his safety, for he kept a close watch on the movements of the man, with weapon ready.

As they disappeared beyond the doorway, Catdjo crossed the hall to the apartment where he had left Faerot bound and insensible. A low cry of surprise told that he had discovered the prisoner's absence; then all was still.

At the expiration of half an hour Faerot and Yarik emerged from the room and proceeded down stairs. The two appeared to be on excellent terms.

"Remember now, Yarik, it is a sacred bargain," said Faerot, holding him by the arm, and pausing in the narrow passage.

"Count on me till I kick the bucket. I'm yours—blast my teeth if I ain't!"

Hoyle Yarik went into the rear room, and Faerot was soon hurrying along the main street of Bud Villa.

The tavern-keeper was sitting in a contrived position, in one of the cane chairs white as death, and shivering as if with an ague.

He had heard the pistol-shots in the upper story, and his mind was overwhelmed at once with pictures of bloody tableaux and murdered humans.

With limbs quaking beneath him, he hastened to close the doors and windows; and now he sat in the darkened surroundings, his face ghastly and teeth rattling together.

"Hello, Je-re-my!" exclaimed the convict, pausing in astonishment, what's the row?"

"De-de-de-de—Coddle had not the power to speak."

"What's up, Je-re-my? Blast my teeth! it's dark enough to bring the owls out."

"Who—who—who's killed?" stammered Coddle.

"Killed?"

"Who—who's shot?"

"Hal! hal! hal! why, there isn't anybody hurt; only accidental explosion, Je-re-my."

"Are you sure?" he asked, stuttering.

"Course I am. Only a kinder little surprise scene, no danger done. Come, let's have some light in here." And he spoke, he raised one foot breast high, sent it crashing through the window, and burst the shutter from its bolt.

"Now, bring me a razor, Je-re-my—and mug and brush."

"A razor?" echoed Coddle.

"A razor?" shouted Yarik.

Coddle jumped at the fierce tone.

"Now, my dear Hoyle, what can you want with a razor?"

"To cut somebody's throat—"

"Oh, Lord!"

"Harry, Je-re-my, I want to get rid of this hair on my face, that's all."

Coddle procured the articles, casting fearful glances at the savage convict as he walked unsteadily from the room.

When he returned, Yarik proceeded to shave before the broken mirror that hung on the wall.

"Je-re-my, I want a new suit of clothes."

"You shall have them, my dear Hoyle; you shall have my very best—you shall have any thing."

"My dear Hoyle," mimicked Yarik, lathering his beard, then sharply: "Fetch 'em out in a hurry. I'm going to begin a new life to-day, Je-re-my. I haven't got much time to spare—why don't you move?"

"Yes, yes, I'll bring them."

Coddle made all possible haste to supply him. He felt encouraged by the thought that he would soon be rid of this half-frenzied, law-hunted and much feared individual—rid of him in a manner which we will show presently.

He brought his new clothes and laid them on the table.

"Now, Je-re-my, we'll fix up our old accounts. You've got some money of mine."

"My dear Hoyle—"

"My dear Hoyle!" in whining imitation of the tavern-keeper's wavering tone; and then:

"Come, Je-re-my, shell out. When I was captured and sent to jail for that little affair on the 'Gipsy Queen,' I left a thousand dollars with you. Produce it, Je-re-my—produce it, old boy."

Coddle seemed dismayed.

"But, Hoyle, you don't really want it—"

"Yes, I do, Je-re-my; so hand it over."

"But, it isn't in the house. I haven't it here," protested the tavern-keeper, trembling till he nearly sunk down.

"You lie, Je-re-my!"

Yarik had done shaving, and was leisurely putting on his outfit. He spoke in a peculiarly quiet voice, but Coddle shuddered as the bleak eyes glanced on him.

"My dear Hoyle—"

"Don't you 'dear' me any more, blast your teeth! Give me what belongs to me. Quick, now, or I'll draw the edge of that razor around your neck!"

Coddle groaned aloud.

"I haven't it in ready money, Hoyle; it's loaned out at interest—indeed it is. And my capital's invested. If you'll only wait—"

"I won't wait!" Yarik snarled. "And I say you lie! I'll give you five minutes to produce that thousand."

He paused in his shirt sleeves, and took up the razor from the table, fingering it menacingly.

"Hoyle! Hoyle!"—the affrighted tavern-keeper dropped to his knees and clasped his hands—"I swear it isn't in the house! Don't!—for the Lord's sake, don't!"

What Yarik might have done was suddenly prevented.

In the center of the room was a trap-door, leading to the ale vault. This trap-door shot up and over with a bang, and three men, with the nimbleness of monkeys, bounded out on the floor.

"Back to prison, Hoyle Yarik, for the murder of Nora Dufour!" cried the foremost.

"Surrender!" shouted another.

Yarik comprehended in an instant.

"Detectives!" he blurted.

Had he known that Jeremy Coddle admitted those detectives and hid them away, to aid them in making the capture, the tavern-keeper would have died that minute; for Yarik's pistol was out quick as a flash, and he bounded toward the window.

Gaining the sill at a leap, he paused, upright, holding by the frame, and faced his enemies with leveled weapon.

His hair stood out wildly, his whole mien was desperate, ferocious, defiant as he roared, in his bull-like voice:

"Not yet, my hearties! Come on, blast your teeth!—take Hoyle Yarik if you can!"

They paused before the frowning muzzle; the three revolvers raised simultaneously to bear upon him.

"Catch him! Catch him!" screamed Coddle.

"So you did this, eh?" bellowed the convict, in a terrible accent. "Take that, then!"

The pistol cracked, and its ball sped on an aim of death.

Coddle uttered a shriek of agony, and reeled, tossing his arms aloft.

Blending with this rung the whip-like snaps and reports of the revolvers.

Hoyle Yarik went backward, through frame and sash, amid a shower of glass.

But when the detectives reached the window the convict had vanished.

The stage that left Bud Villa at three o'clock on the morning subsequent to the events of this chapter contained Dwila St. Jean and the Dwarf, Catdjo.

On the outside of the coach, with the driver, were Paul Faerot and Hoyle Yarik—both disguised beyond possibility of recognition.

The first named couple had been to Lyn farm; but they missed their object, whatever it was; for the reader knows that Ytol had fled on Sunday night.

Now, however, they were on her track. She had considerable start ahead of them, but they felt confident of being able to trace her—the more so when they learned that she was accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog.

"We may soon overtake her, Catdjo," said Dwila to her mute companion, "and then for your revenge! I wish the thing was over."

You've been dragging me all over the country, till I'm tired."

The Dwarf's eyes were flashing, and his beast-like face was contorted twice-savagely. But the gloom of the coach covered this sign of inward passion.

Reaching the station, they made inquiries, and soon ascertained that a young girl answering to their description, and having with her a large dog, had taken a Philadelphia train on the morning previous.

"Oh, Catdjo!—tickets for Philadelphia!"

While these two were foot-hold in the wake of Ytol, a purpose to be developed in due time, Faerot and Yarik were their close companions, following the same scent, though with a far different object in view.

Would they find her?

And Ytol?—where was she while the four, in couples, were so mysteriously pursuing her? And what tangled web was their presence weaving for her future?

We shall see.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 187.)

The Creole Wife:

OR, THE COUSIN'S SCHEME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND REEF," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES," "THE FAIRER WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SHADOW.

THERE was another listener—one who had not come accidentally upon that angry word-drawn battle. In her own room, lighted by the rosy sunset gleams, Mrs. Leland had thrown off her outdoor summer wrappings, then passed through the dimming corridor, down the stairway which she had descended by mistake on the first evening of her arrival at the Homestead. She did not go to the library however, but by another turn passed into the dim, shadowy den, the almost unused study at the rear. Crouching down with her ear pressed close to the door communicating between the two, she listened breathlessly to the continued altercation.

"Since you ask it, I fear that you are rather deeply involved, my dear cousin. I came out for the purpose of throwing myself upon your generosity, of asking a little time to retrieve the evil fortune which has come upon me, and through me—yourself. I have no plea to excuse the liberty I was guilty of in using that idle capital of yours—no excuse, but the simple state of the case was this: The enterprise promised such certain success, and you had always been willing to trust every thing to my judgment. I had your standing authority for transacting all business in your name, and when I found it indispensable to command a larger amount than any I had in hand, there

seemed no reason why I should not use that reserved sum, except that scruple of yours which in a business light rather lost its sentimental coloring. I was very confident, and if I had met success instead of failure you would never have known, and I should have turned an honest penny from the operation. I did fall however. There's no use musing the small bones while there's a whole skeleton to be disposed of. I really fear you are so deeply involved that the Homestead may have to be sacrificed to preserve your own credit and the honor of the family name—the last a very important consideration, of course."

The white heat of Elmer Casselworth's wrath was aggravated by the other's coolly insolent assurance. He had not realized that he might be hopelessly disabled by his cousin's losses. In fact, he had no definite knowledge of his own resources, except perhaps a vague supposition that they were exhaustless. He failed to comprehend it even now, or refused to credit the other's defiant assertion.

"No use mincing matters now," Darcy had thought. "As well know what I may expect from him at the outset as to wait for the slower discovery of the rest which is to come. There's no hope now of keeping any thing back—no hope of any thing more than the possibility that he may accept the situation without visiting any worse consequences on my head than have already fallen there."

"If you had even asked that much of me," Elmer said, "the sacrifice of the Homestead, I would have granted it sooner than have touched one cent of the money which has seemed like blood money—the price of her life. Sincerely the sentimentality of that if you will; no weak sentimentality can cover the rascality of your course, and no misapprehension of mine shall shield you from whatever consequences you have deserved. No other dollar of mine shall go to swell such losses as I may have already sustained through you."

The one hope to which Darcy Casselworth had clung, that his cousin might be led to acknowledge his own forged signature, was dwindling hopelessly small.

"I was a fool to have come here at all," he thought. "Why did I not make the best of my time? I had instead of trusting to the weakness of that obstinate idiot? Let him alone and the chances are he could not swear that the signature was either true or false. There's no reason in him, in that mood at least."

The instant of silence in which that thought was embraced was broken by an unexpected voice as the listener at the doorway came forward to disclose himself.

"Will you ring for lights, Mr. Casselworth? I think I may have something of importance to reveal at this juncture."

Darcy Casselworth turned with a start and a cold shiver.

"Grandison! It only required this—for you to turn against me!" His short, heavy breathing was audible throughout the room. He realized in that moment as he had never expected to realize, how hard the path of the transgressor may become; but his sleuth-hound persistence of bold courage did not desert him even now; there was no penitence in his heart—not even the penitence born of the fear of consequences. "Yes, by all means, let us have lights and hear the heavy accusation to the end. It is an accusation, I presume, since you have it in your power to make the last one."

It is an accusation, though perhaps not of the kind you may be expecting. As Grandison spoke, the master of the mansion turned to the mantel, and finding matches, lit an astral lamp standing there. "An accusation that does not relate to this disastrous failure of yours which I have labored faithfully for eight years to make so complete, that, for the sake of buying undeserved mercy at the last you might be forced to confess the truth. Eight years ago you triumphed in an infamous scheme to the ruin of a noble, generous, true-hearted woman. You had pursued her with your malicious hatred, your unprovoked enmity for years before. You poisoned her husband's mind against the purest of her sex. You wrought upon her generosity to bring the appearance of evil against her, and you met with the best success that wickedness ever earned. The weak husband believed every word of the infamous lies you told him. No, don't interrupt—don't attempt to add another to the overwhelming list for which you will have to answer. I have worked for eight years to vindicate the noble woman whom you so fully defamed. I think I have the power to extort the truth from you at last."

"The truth!" It was Elmer Casselworth repeating the words in a startled, breathless way.

"Who is this woman whom he defamed—what?"

The schemer whose evil works were rising up, one by one, to witness against him, stood still. He had folded his arms across his breast, his head was bent forward a little as he listened with that slight sneering smile upon his face, the hard glint in the eyes that did not waver under the scathing gaze of his accuser; no change in his face except in the slight pallor which had marked his appearance during the entire day. With one swift glance at the startled, intensely excited face of the duped husband, the stock-broker's gaze returned to the man who was bearing his inevitable defeat with the silent desperation of defiance still.

and quiet life. Morbidity in somnambulism is a more decided state than in the disorder, and is preceded by peculiar symptoms, such as lassitude, headache, paleness, loss of appetite, etc. A tendency to sleep during the daytime is also a characteristic premonitory symptom of this disorder. The suddenly the patient falls into a trance, and in this trance the most singular phenomena may occur, such as the patient will be unconscious. A tendency to incessant talk is one of the most striking signs of this trance or fit, and the language employed is often of a higher order than that used by the speaker during waking and consciousness. A second peculiarity of morbid somnambulism is that the language or ideas employed during the trance are often of a high order, and are not necessarily of the same nature as those uttered during another. The individuals who labors under a paucity of expression during his or her waking moments will be, when somnambulant, as full of variety of thought, imagery, and elegant expression, as a Macaulay or a Madame de Stael.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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The active characters in the WOLF DEMON are the great forest-brothers in border craft, Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, when they first entered upon the career in which they became so celebrated. These Great Hearts and strong arms were, however, mastered by the strange unknown, whose signet-mark of an arrow cut on the breast of each red victim baffled even their sagacity to understand. The hunter, Abe Lark, is, in many respects, a most wonderful man, skilled in the craft and cunning of the savage, yet, withal, a very admirable fellow. Then the introduction of the two young women—one the petted daughter of the Forest Garrison, and the other the shunned child of the renegade—and the complications springing out of their relations and dangers, add to the story an interest that becomes, as the narrative progresses, absorbing and sustaining. The WOLF DEMON is, in fact, two stories woven into one—each having elements of rare originality and power.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—In our "Answers" we have to say to a correspondent that no extraneous influences can induce an acceptance of matter for our columns. This ought to be understood; but it seemingly is not, for a large number of persons tell us of their needs—to earn money for some specific object, etc. In order to constrain our judgment. An editor who could be influenced by other than purely literary considerations would make up a queer paper, or, what is worse, would ruin his publisher. While all possible sympathy might be entertained for an author's distress, sympathy is not what the situation demands: stern, unbiased, correct judgment is the editor's watchword.

Some of our poets, it pleases us to state, are growing greatly in public favor. We certainly publish some very good things; and, discriminating closely, as we usually do, in regard to accepted poetic contributions, authors are learning to understand that an acceptance is no small honor. What is peculiar is that, almost without exception, the best poems are free offerings—are written not for pay but because they want utterance. Where the author speaks of pay, of demands his price, we are almost certain, before reading a line, that the work is inferior, and in nine cases out of ten the inference is correct. Not that poets ought not to write for pay; by all means let them obtain pay where that is possible; but he or she who writes poetry for the love of it, or because it writes itself, are pretty sure to do a good thing, and that is their best reward.

Our popular author, Oil Cooches, has "come at us" with another great romance of the woods. He writes of it: "I send by express, to-day, ONE ARMED ALF; or, THE GIANT SCOUT OF THE GREAT LAKES, which I feel proud in pronouncing my happiest effort." It must, then, be a splendid work, for Oil Cooches has written for our columns some romances that do credit to American literature and authorship. The readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL regard him with a real affection—which is a delightful relation for author, publisher and public. The new story will be eagerly welcomed.

If our authors will grow enthusiastic over the SATURDAY JOURNAL we don't see how we can help it. One writes: "It is the Best Literary Paper on Earth," which is saying something. The writer is a capital authority in literary matters—that we know; so we suppose we must "confess judgment." One writing from Hanover, Pa., gives this interesting item: "The general cry is that the SATURDAY JOURNAL is rapidly advancing; per consequence you are swallowing up the SATURDAY JOURNAL." Bad for the under dog, certainly. We don't wish to enjoy prosperity at the expense of loss to our cotemporaries, but, if readers will leave other papers to read ours, we certainly shall not deny them that privilege.

One of the large family of Old Time is indignant at its omission from the genealogical catalogue recently published by the venerable BEAT TIME, and thus publicly expresses himself in a private letter to the offending party:

"MR. BEAT TIME—

"DEAR SIR:—In giving the names and noting the illustrations personages of the Time family, I find that you have totally ignored myself—Behind Time. Whether this is a mistake done on purpose, or that you have entirely forgotten your old relative, is more than I know. But no mention is made of my name, although my brother, On Time, is spoken of in high terms.

"Have I been banished from the old family record, without knowing it? or, is it because the rest of you have got so 'stuck up,' that you are ashamed to own any relationship to one who is perhaps a little behind, when he has his work to do?

"Now, I go in for equal rights, and if you don't give me mine, there will be a family feud immediately. I'll tell of every mean thing I know of against you! I'll—but here; I will say nothing desperate, for I know that if you have any of the old Time principle, you will rise and explain.

Yours,

"Timeville, 7, 30, '73."

LETTERS.

Did you ever get moved up?

I don't mean in a great poky railway car, where everybody is just as fretful and hateful as they can be, and you hate to ask a question for fear of being growled at and swallowed alive, and each one looks as though he or she had been feeding on pickles all their lives, and they hadn't agreed with them. I don't refer to that untidy misery, but really in your own dear homestead in the country—away back among the icy mountains—and three good miles from the post-office, and no sign of the mail (if you spell that last word male, Mr. Printer, I'll get my brother Tom to have a talk with you) for a week. I wouldn't wonder a bit but some of you readers have been in that predicament.

Oh, you needn't think one is to be pitted at such a time, because assuredly he is not; such a person has more cause to be envied, for, taking our own case as an example, we just go to

the book-case and take out our letters and read them, and isn't it indeed a treat?

Some of them brim over with life and vivacity, merriment peeping out in every line, and with such a lot to write that the one who sent it hadn't time to stop to dot her "i's" or cross her "t's," and, as for punctuation, there isn't enough to fill the eye of a needle—just as though life was some large playground and we'd nothing to do but just play "tag" all the time.

Then comes school-girl notes, with protestations of never-dying friendship and eternal love and affection, followed by another missive from the same correspondent, in which she accuses us of treachery and partiality, because we prompted Sarah Niles in the grammar lesson and did not prompt her. We felt bad at the time, but a few bomboms settled all that, and we were good friends again.

Kindest of all are those motherly letters, when we were away from home—epistles filled with such good and pure advice, that only a fond and true mother can write—emanating from a heart that still beat for us, though we were many miles away from her dear self. Did we not treasure those letters? Shall we ever part with them this side the grave?

And then those postscripts printed by the hand of some little brother and sister that had so much to say, and yet compressed it all in these words, "Do come home."

Maybe you'll come across editors' letters, some of which you remember sent you into the seventh heaven of happiness, because they contained the announcement of your story's acceptance; perhaps, also, a greenback. Others plunged you into the lowest depths of despair as they brought the heart-rending news that your articles were declined, which even the added "with thanks" did not solace your griefs much.

Sorrowful notes come in order, and our hearts ache at the sufferings of those around us, suffering caused by the deaths of loved and endeared ones, and we pause in our reading to cast a look at the graveyard away in the distance, that seems so cold, and then to glance at a picture of Pilgrim at the Heavenly gates, where every thing betokens eternal joy. It does us good to read these letters—it shows us that we, too, must soon follow the dear ones and be at rest.

Letters, brotherly and sisterly, some from those whom we may never have seen, but whom we have learned to love through a correspondence.

What should we do were it not for this interchange of thoughts through the medium of letters?

If I couldn't get a letter, or write one, I would just esteem it a great favor if some one would kindly put me in the cavity of a rock and hermetically seal the entrance, for I'd as soon be buried alive as to live without letters.

I haven't said anything about love letters, eh? What's the use? Were there ever two alike, or were there ever two dissimilar? You know there's something like, "two's company, three's none." You can keep your love missives to yourself, and I will do the same with mine—that is, if I get any. Any more than I have, I mean.

EVE LAWLESS.

GIRLS!

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THEM.
SWEET, fluttering, giddy, foolish creatures—girls! The butterflies of our human garden, as thoughtless, as brilliant, and alas! with wings as readily bruised. How the young matrons, who were girls themselves not very long since, and "have seen the folly of it," long to remodel the class, to shake down some of that feathery lightness, which has never had a care to ballast it, to instill some of their own newly found wisdom into those pretty heads. Perfection is never perfect on earth, and girls will be girls to the end of the chapter no doubt, and though we may sigh for more stability and more consideration, we would not have them any thing else, remembering that the price of wisdom is experience—hard, wearing experience—which will come soon enough.

Each pretty, willful creature is apt to find a master by and by, not necessarily a hard master, but one who will not always interpret aright the vagaries which are inseparable from the girl-nature, who will sometimes laugh or be vexed at those tender, gushing inspirations, who can not understand why the girl-wife should fidget if he is five minutes late to tea, or suffer agonies when he goes off for a day's jaunt with a friend and leaves only a dash at a line to inform her of the fact, while she is in the midst of her loom, or the danger of locomotive power or the chance of a steamboat explosion on his way. These are the beginnings of the cares which transform her from the girl, for some clever writer has hit the truth in saying: "Men were made to be worried about." As a consequence, women were made to worry about them.

Much as is said in this day about woman's sphere, her lack of proper discipline and practical educational advantages, all of these would not suffice to put an old head on a girl's shoulders. Of a dozen girls educated to take care of themselves compared with as many who have danced through life, it is probable that eleven of the first will take lifelong burdens upon themselves to every one of the latter. They fall in love with a necktie, a mustache, a profile, and they marry the creature representing these, whose only germ of common sense has been displayed in choosing a clever girl, with a full knowledge of his present unfavorable prospects, and every faith in his grand talents and abilities to execute. They cling to the delusion fondly, they put their own willing, able shoulders to the wheel, and discover at last that, instead of their burdens being lightened, they are clogged with a weight that shall drag like a millstone about their necks all their lives long. The weak creature, who is not a man, has his pampered tastes, which must be gratified. Whether the world revolves or not he must have his wines and cigars, his neckties, his spotless suits, his immaculate linen, and the aching head and toiling fingers which supply all these are the least consideration his complacent mind dwells upon. If he is not a vicious creature, he may speak often of the time when he shall come upon an opening that his talent shall occur, when the tolling wife shall rest and he will operate the machinery of labor, which shall be all cogs and wheels, and pulleys to turn at a touch with never one of the rough jars, or straining to make two ends meet, which so wear upon her now. Such hopeful words bring cheer at first, but when their emptiness has been thoroughly sounded, they only suffice to stir the dregs of bitterness and add to the weariness that will know no rest short of the last one, deep and narrow, away from the earth of summer storms and winter snows and earth's trials forever.

It is not that I would say one word against the noble work of educating our girls to usefulness, which may be turned to their own account, or the account of dear, dependent ones, but how much more efficient would the work be could it teach those hopeful girls to distinguish between gold and glitter, if it would mingle caution with the too easy credulity, too great expectancy, which mark the class.

J. D. B.

Foolscap Papers.

Whitehorn's Street Railroad.

My new street railroad is now ready for the accommodation of the traveling public.

This track, like all other tracks of the proprietor, is straight, and reaches from Alpha to Omega streets.

The cars on this line, for beauty and speed, have never been surpassed; at least, you will say they are very fast when you are running to catch up with one of them.

These cars will not be allowed to contain any more passengers than they will hold. This rule is for the convenience of the public, who will please return thanks.

When no more can get aboard, there will be plenty of room for the balance to walk behind, at half fare.

Unprotected gentlemen who are obliged to sit down while ladies are enjoying themselves by standing up in these cars, will receive the commiseration of the proprietor upon complaint at this office.

The ladies will not be expected, on this line, to give up seats for a gentleman.

Parties who are crowded out can ride on deck of the mules on paying double fare.

Pickpockets will not be allowed to ride in these cars, unless they can show a regular license and a good moral character.

If the conductor fails to let you out at the right place, you will have the privilege of riding to the next street free.

If any gentleman has the faintest kind of an idea that some burly fellow has come down with his whole weight on his most delightful corn, he will have the inalienable right of all free-born American citizens to kick the offender—if he thinks it would be wholesome. N. B.—This road will not be responsible for damage.

These cars will not be expected to go off the track and turn up a cross-street just for the accommodation of one or two passengers. We won't do it, and you needn't think it.

People getting run over must do so at their own risk, as this kind of work is getting too common entirely, and the conductor will not allow anybody to run over him.

No stop-over checks will be given on this route; and I wish it distinctly understood that no man will be permitted to ride on two cars at once, when going different directions.

At no time shall these cars go faster than a one-legged horse can trot.

The conductors in making their cash-returns to head-quarters are earnestly requested to try and divide equally.

As no car-hooks will be allowed on these cars, passengers are requested to furnish their own.

Ladies are respectfully requested not to smoke in the gentlemen's faces.

Each passenger's baggage will be limited to three valises, two bandboxes, one market-basket, a step-ladder and a clothes-horse.

If you wish to go in one direction and all the cars are going another way, it would be a good idea for you to wait, as in making up the timetable I have provided plenty of time for waiting.

To persons who prefer to ride, these cars will be far better than walking.

In crowded cars, persons coming from market with two or three dozen eggs tied up in a handkerchief, half of them too ripe, may make a little more by walking, unless they think they can do better by riding.

For the benefit of the universal traveling pub, and to prevent everybody from missing a car, every car will stop just one hour at every cross-street on the route; this will give each one ample opportunity to get aboard without any jostling; and it is better always to be an hour too soon than an hour too late, unless it is on your own hanging. I hope everybody will severely thank me for this. I only live, move and eat a good deal for the benefit of mankind, who are my brothers—and sisters.

When the driver doesn't stop for you, don't miss him when you urge a rock in his direction and make it go through a window.

We employ no three-legged horses on this route, but all were selected at great expense; and, as young horses are apt to get vicious, I ones, blind, and having been preferred because they are less likely to get scared at every thing they might see, and they go along almost without a word, almost without beating. They all have false teeth.

The fare will be five cents each way; but if you haven't any money, we won't charge you any thing. This is fair enough. I don't intend to try to make money out of this. My credit is good—at some new stores just started; but if any one desires to pay the fare over two or three times, we will endeavor to accommodate.

There will be no sleeping-cars on this line, at present, but we will soon have them.

All aboard. It is a good deal nicer to ride with us than to be kicked down street; far better.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

The Growing Vice.—Hotel Life the Social Upas.

That the proclivity to scandal and gossip is on the increase in Woman's World is a fact, and the observant of "the sex" The gradually increasing numbers of those who seek boarding-houses and hotels, in order to be rid of the troubles of housekeeping, materially recruit the great army of gossips, for boarding-houses are simply nurseries of scandal. Then the increasing numbers of those who, for two months of each year, go to some fashionable summer resort, add another installment to the "serial" of scandal; and thus, from a mere multiplication of the conveniences for gossip and envious remark, we have a sudden growth of the wretched habit of talking of our neighbors which is both alarming and disgusting.

Home life is not propitious to scandal. The wife and mother has, there, something else to think of than the faults of her foes and the foibles of her friends, and her visitors and visitations are not either so numerous or so prolonged as to make an inquest over another lady's character thorough and satisfying. It is the gregarious hotel or boarding-house life that gives the time, occasion and material so necessary to a thorough overhauling of the affairs of other people; and a shrewd writer and observer of society at home and abroad gives it as a pretty well-established fact that, in any community, there is very little injurious gossip and "they say" title-tattle that has not its origin in the hotel or boarding-house.

The women of these living places, relieved of all household cares, find time hanging heavily on them. They have, literally, nothing to do but eat, dress and shop, by day; to dance, gossip and kill time, by night. They are all acquainted with one another, for they meet daily, week after week, and if they are not on terms of intimacy, or if they do not know each other, they may be sure they know all about one another. It does not take a smart woman three days to find out every thing she deems necessary about her neighbor, the lady across the hall. She knows what her name is, the occupation of her husband, an approximation of his income, the number of horses they own, whether the lady keeps a maid or

not, how they live at home, how many dresses the lady has, whether they are fashionably made and fit her nicely, how many diamonds she has, and whether her husband goes to bed drunk. All these facts being obtained, gossip is set at work to find out what there may be in the past life of the lady under surveillance and her family, whether there is anything piquant that may be discovered. In due time it is known whether the lady has been married more than once, whether her first husband died and left any property, whether it was a love match, whether there was any previous jealousy, how long her widowhood lasted, whether she was married twenty-four hours after meeting her present husband, whether there is now a perfect understanding between them, whether they quarrel, whether she faints, whether her hair has been bleached, whether she pencils her eyes and darkens the lashes, and a hundred other things which contribute to the interest and piquancy of the investigation, and exposition. When a new boarder arrives, or a stranger comes into that select hotel circle, and passes from her room to the parlor, from the parlor to the wide corridor, and thence to the dining-room, her raiment is subjected to a closer inspection than is bestowed upon a suspicious-looking character arriving at a custom-house; but this is nothing to complain of, for every lady passes through this ordeal when she goes to church, or when she presents herself anywhere in public.

This is just the daily life-record of women in almost every great hotel in the land, and, in a modified degree, in every boarding-house, an amusing repetition of which fact comes to us in the letter of a visitor at a noted summer hotel, during the stormy days of August, when the guests of the great human caravansera were house-bound. The writer says:

"I have heard enough during the three days of the storm to fill a volume as large as a dictionary, and if I believed it all, I should not dare to be seen with any lady of the house except my grandmother."

I have heard that such a lady in her younger days was a circus rider. I have heard that another was a chambermaid. I have heard that another was divorced from two husbands. I have heard that another plays cards for money when at home; that another deals in stocks, bonds, and horses, and consorts with jockeys in order to get an idea of the winning horse; that another, celebrated for her diamonds and fine clothes, was formerly a clerk in a dollar store in New York; that another kicks her children and laments her maid; that another gets intoxicated every night; that half a dozen ladies, names mentioned, dare not go into the surf because they are afraid of losing their complexions; that one lady, whose daily treatment of servants and guests of the hotel is not of the most refined character, refused to sit at table beside some of the most distinguished of the hotel guests on the ground that they were parvenues; and I have heard enough else to drive the quiet wife who stays at a hotel and takes care of the babies crazy. But it is all gossip; there's not a word of truth in any of it."

Not only no truth in it, but such a deal of wickedness and demoralization that the very atmosphere of a hotel becomes contagious with the elements of this social poison; and the wife who courts the ease and idleness of boarding-house life will surely become a scandal-monger and a common nuisance as the man who frequents the race-course and the bar-room will become a loafer.

Moral: Live in two rooms of your own—keep house under every disadvantage—rather than recruit the army of women whose unwearied hands and untaxed brains fashion patterns for the devil's workshop.

WHERE THE PRECIOUS METALS COME FROM.

The idea generally prevails that all our gold and silver come from the Far West, but such is not the case. The precious metals are known to exist in "paying" deposits in many localities of the Union.

Gold is now found and mines worked in Vermont, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, and California. Maryland shows but \$108 for her total, Vermont \$5,015, and Kansas \$1,000. California has contributed in twenty-four years \$643,121,499; North Carolina's total is \$9,865,253, and Georgia \$7,250,000. Virginia and South Carolina have each over a million. In addition to the thirteen gold-bearing States are the ten Territories, from Arizona to far-off Sitka, and from Dakota, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, to Washington Territory on the Pacific. The smallest quantity is from Sitka, \$997, the largest from Montana, \$30,648,255. And Montana is one of the newest of the Territories. Colorado shows \$20,398,421, and Idaho \$17,141,523. With two, or perhaps three exceptions, all of these Territories bear silver also.

The largest product of silver is from Nevada, which, since its first settlement—say twenty years ago—has furnished the mint and branches with \$8,539,868 in silver. The next largest production is \$1,114,543, from Colorado, and the next from the copper and lead mining region of Lake Superior, \$1,063,341. Utah, although the mines are only just opened, prior to June 30 had sent to the mint \$261,103 in silver, and \$164,147 in gold.

The aggregate value of the gold and silver bullion deposited in the mint and its branches since the date of their establishment is \$836,205,463, and of this enormous amount more than \$780,000,000 have been the domestic product of our own gold and silver-bearing States and Territories within the last twenty-four years. Whatever other commodity we may need from other countries, we certainly stand in but little want of their bullion, and yet, such is our fearful national extravagance, that steadily the current of coin sets toward Europe, and our debt abroad, to-day, would more than consume four times more gold than is now existing here as coin! This indebtedness abroad will have a fearful day of reckoning for us.

THE WOLF DEMON, as a story of astonishing interest, has for some of its chief incidents the following:

Daniel Boone on his first great trail—A strange Apparition of the Woods—Demon or man, or both combined?—The Red Arrow on every breast—A Forest Beauty with the Grace of Rippling Waters and Dancing Leaves—Another Beauty with the Grace of the Swaying Ash and the Crimson Maple—A Dastard; Traitor to his race and kind—The Grand Forest Prince, Simon Kenton—Men of the Border—true lion hearts—Savages as sleepless as hungry tigers—The pilgrimage in the pathless woods—A forest foe and the lone cabin.

Each of which, in the author's cunning hand, are as new creations, true to history as history itself, yet having nothing whatever in common with the ten thousand and one Tales of the Wild—derness that traverse the literary field. The story created a profound impression when first printed; it will be received with immense enthusiasm now.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unusable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked, as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not sent or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness, second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. The Correspondent's name and paper must be written on the back of each page, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving its page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. May MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of us.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings every attention. Correspondents must send to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We say no to "Summer Days," "The First Mystery of a Life," "Is Right?" "Pen Pictures," "Dag Haulway," "Chats with Sailors," the several contributions remitted by Col. A. B.: "A Mountain Adventure," "Mother's Love," "The Runners of the Rancho," "Miss Neville's Party."

The following we reserve for further consideration: "A Belle's Heart," "Mated but not Matched," "A Will after Death."

The essays by H. N. B. we can not find room for at present. If not ordered back, will preserve for future consideration.

The following we will try and find place for, viz.: "Shut the Door Slowly," "The Kick to the Farm," "Recapitulating a Prize," "The Humble Heart of a Good-natured Man," "Will of the Wisp," "A Comic Tragedy," "The Mill of the Rocks," "Speaking by the Card."

H. L. Serials to be of avail must be particularly good. We never have room for commonplace matter. Your needs excite our sympathies, but were they ten times as great they could not induce an acceptance of contributions not up to our wants.

BERRY. There are a great number of pure Anglo-Saxon words in our language. Indeed, it is said, we could speak with great fluency and force and use only such words. They are, almost without exception, beautiful and significant.

ELIAS B. Send to Vick, of Rochester, for his Catalogue of Fall Plants. The plants of the Catalogue are admirable as garden inspirations, giving, as they do, equal directions regarding cultivation, etc.

HOBARTTOWN. The public debt of France is now equal to five times the national debt of the United States—more than twice the national debt of the United States—more than one-fourth of our resources for meeting these enormous debts, France yet talks as freely of a future war with Germany, to "punish" the Germans for the overthrow of Napoleon's armies and the humiliation of the French nation, as if she had no load to carry. Another war with Germany would be a disaster to the world.

PADDY O'WHACK. Potatoes were first introduced to Ireland from America, in the year 1586. Prior to that time the chief food of the Irish common people was oatmeal, fish and game. Potatoes, as we know them, and all were unknown in the Old World until their discovery in America.

A. G. H. Cold cream is a term applied to a mild and "softening" cream, used in dressing the skin. It may be prepared by heating gently four parts of olive oil and one part of white wax, until a uniform liquid mass is obtained, when a little color and scent may be added. The mixture is then allowed to cool, and is then stored the whole time of its cooling so as to prevent the concretion and consequent separation of the wax.

SAILORS. The first ship that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, which sailed from New York to Savannah, Ga., making the trip in six days, and from thence to Liverpool, England, making the run across in eighteen days. She sailed from New York on March 23rd, 1819, and when she was despatched coming into the harbor at Quarantine, the commander of the English fleet believed her to be on fire, when he observed the smoke issuing from her smokestack, and immediately got her vessel under way to run to her assistance. Since 1819 the run across has been made in nine instead of eighteen days, and doubtless in another half-century the trip will be made in half that time.

SOLDIER. The word lieutenant is now not generally in use, though in the English army it is often heard. Lieutenant is considered correct, but it is not now written lieutenant—(pronounced lieutenant) on account of the letter y being then used instead of u, as is now the case.

INQUIRY. Yes, there are cases known of persons having completely lost the senses of smell and taste. A case is in our memory where a man could not distinguish between the tastes of jelly or molasses, and bitters and sweet wine, and immediately after people have no eye for colors, and can not distinguish black from blue.

MAINT. The methyst is a sub-species of quartz, of a bluish violet color. It is not very common, and is wrought into various articles of jewelry. It was generally thought, in olden times, to be a remedy for drunkenness, so that persons wearing this stone, was not liable to intoxication.

SEAMAN. There is a fresh-water spring in the ocean, off the coast of Florida, and there vessels take in water when needed; but we know of no such spring on the Atlantic. They are of course exist, but are not of sufficient volume to reach the ocean surface.

BRIDGE. Orange blossoms are considered most appropriate for the decoration of their altars, and are beautiful. The tuberosa blossom is equally fragrant and proper, where orange blossoms are not attainable.

LESTER. A large and fine oriental ruby is of great value. The inferior is of no value, and is not so rare as the sapphire. Only the pure "spicule" or scarlet ruby, if perfect, is equal in value to a diamond, weight for weight. The most valuable rubies come from the island of Ceylon, being found there in the sands of the rivers Pegu and Mysoore only.

NATHAN. Mr. Jack Robinson was a volatile gentleman, who, when called upon his neighbors, was off again "before you could say Jack Robinson," hence, the origin of the expression now so well known.

NORTON. It is said to be engraved on the tomb of Salvinus Amatus, the credit for the invention of spectacles, but really he was without common sense, and the first use of them we believe was in the 13th century. A hint of their value is given in the writings of Alhazen, who lived in the 10th century, and in the works of Roger Bacon, who died A. D. 1292.

ARTIST. Photography is not entirely a new art, as the effect of light on chloride of silver was known as far back as the fifth century, and was successfully by Nicéphore Niépce and Wollaston up to the beginning of the present century. In 1839 plates by Daguerre's process were produced, showing that time the art has rapidly developed into a practical method of taking sun pictures on "sensitized" surface. It will undoubtedly be so simplified that every family can take its own portraits without the aid of a camera. The celebrated "spirit pictures" discovered occasionally on window panes, are impressions by some natural process which involves the action of the mind on the eye.

MERCHANT. It is estimated that there are 100,000,000 gallons of wine made yearly in France, the value of which is \$200,000,000. Hence, if the world should stop drinking wine, France would be a bankrupt. To keep France on her legs, it is necessary to drink her wine.

INVESTIGATOR. Your surmise is correct, for a whale does not lie for hours beneath the water. The longest time that he can stay without coming to the surface for air, is four minutes. The whale is a warm-blooded animal, and this being the case that blood must be oxygenized by free contact with the air.

LIGHTHOUSE. We believe there are 573 lighthouses and 22 lightships along the shores and coasts of the United States, including those of the great inland lakes.

J

THE SONG WE SING.

BY JOSEPH PLACKETT.

When winter holds the earth in chains,
Despite its blasts, its frosts, its pains,
With all our woes there still remains
To cheer our hearts, some happy strains.

The opening spring has beauties rare
In sweet perfumes and blossoms fair—
In wild birds' songs that fill the air
With joyful music everywhere.

The summer's growing fullness, too,
Brings gladness to our hearts anew:
We feel its passing days too few,
As hurriedly time bears them through.

Autumn, golden autumn, see
It is, with lavishments most free,
Hangs luscious fruits on vine and tree,
And tunces our hearts in highest glee.

It is no empty song we sing:
Not she the empty harp brings:
Fruitful to her mantle clings,
And plenty's shadow tips her wings.

Then let us sing when she is here,
The gladdest season of the year;
In voices loud and accents clear,
A song to autumn, welcome, dear!

Ida Searle's Fortune.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

The front piazza of the solitary hotel at "Shady Retreat," a picturesque little village where a certain "set" of city people rusticated every summer—was crowded with a party of young folks, that made a charming picture that warm August morning.

"And you are sure you can not—or will not go with us, Mr. Florestan?"

It was the belle of the party who spoke, Leila Lynington, in whose melodious voice lurked a familiarly confidential tone as she raised her wondrously sunny eyes to the gentleman's fine face.

And Alvan Florestan felt an unnatural, yet withal very delightful tumult about his heart as he looked back at pretty Leila.

She was remarkably pretty, too, this Hebe-like girl, with her tall, willowy figure, and a complexion that somehow reminded one of liquid pearls shot with dashes of molten rubies; then her large, lustrous eyes, sometimes blue as the June skies, then opaline to transparency; wide, clear eyes, shadowed by heavy curling golden-brown lashes, just the color of her mass of flowing, clinging hair that shone so in the sunlight.

Proud, beautiful Leila Lynington—and she was in love with Alvan Florestan!

All this while he had made no answer; it seemed enough to him that he was looking away down in her soul through those clear windows—then, with a half-remembered remembrance of the fact that a dozen pairs of eyes were watching them, he threw off the sweet trance.

"I am sorry you insinuate that I do not wish to accompany the party. Indeed, Miss Lynington, I know of nothing I would like as well, only—"

Guilio Clyn's merry voice arrested his hesitating reservation.

"Yes, only!" and we all understand what that means well enough, Mr. Florestan. You see, if some of us are country girls, we have heard of that charming lady at Long Branch, whither you have betaken yourself so often."

Guilio's merry, mischievous eyes were on him; but he did not seem to be at all abashed.

"That Long Branch lady again, Miss Clyn! Really now, I doubt if that gay spot can produce any thing so attractive to me as I find here at Shady Retreat."

His laughing face in no ways disconcerted gay Guilio.

"Oh, thank you—in behalf of the party! Then, as you're not going to lend the grace of your magnificent presence on our tour to the nearest hut, I propose we waste no more valuable time. Leila, you are ready? Ida, you and Carrie have the shawls?"

Miss Lynington's lip curled just the merest trifle.

"I am ready, thank you. Mr. Florestan, I suppose I may bid you good-morning?"

"Only don't be so icy, please," he pleaded, laughingly, yet with a light in his eyes that sent the glad blood to Leila's heart; then he turned to little Ida Searle.

"It's too bad, isn't it, Miss Ida, that the ladies are all so severe because I've a particular errand down to York that must be seen to. You'll take my part, I'm sure."

Ida's cheeks grew suddenly as scarlet as the shawl she was carrying over her arm; she looked up for a moment into Alvan Florestan's handsome face, then glanced half-deprecatingly at Miss Lynington's stern features.

"Pray do not refer to me, Ida, so mutely. Perhaps you had better remain home, so that you can console Mr. Florestan on his return from York."

Then she went down the steps in her own queenly way, never noting the look of pain that flashed about Ida Searle's pale, pale face; and little would she have cared had she seen.

But I think her new-born triumph would have been laid low could she have seen the sudden gleam of amazement in Mr. Florestan's dark eyes, bewildered amazement, almost; and the quick, tender look of sympathy he gave little Ida as she glanced timidly up, then away with wine-tinted cheeks.

But he raised his hat very gallantly to the whole party.

"A pleasant prophecy to you—and a sure fulfillment."

"What a curious-looking place it is, isn't it? Come on, Leila, you needn't be afraid! There's no one here."

Guilio Clyn was pushing into the Gipsy's hut in her customary go-ahead style, while the other girls were content to follow at leisure.

"Such a place I never did see! Mercy! look at the skulls and—ugh!—I verily believe there's a whole skeleton hanging up! If it's not enough to freeze the blood to see it! Well, I suppose we all have to come to that, some day."

With which comforting assurance she began poking about the gloomy, dingy room.

"Here are cards—dirty and mighty suspicious of cigar smoke—in fact, the whole place smells kind of 'mummy.'"

"The idea!" and Ida Searle's delicious little laugh rang out.

"As if the old witch uses any thing better than tobacco and a pipe! Cigar, indeed! Guilio, you are in love with some one that smokes."

The other girls laughed at the well-known hint to Guilio, but Leila turned sharply around at her.

"Will you be so good as to speak when you are spoken to? If you'd remember you are my companion, hired and paid, you'd not be so likely to consider yourself an equal."

The tears sprang to Ida's violet eyes.

"Leila!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "you know I am as much Uncle Grey's niece as you are."

"Are you? Then perhaps you can inform me which one of Mr. Grey's nieces it is who is fishing so plainly for a certain gentleman! Ida Searle, I am ashamed of you."

"Come—come!" interposed Nettie Warren, "don't torment little Ida again—you are awful

cross, Leila. Let's go sit down until the old hag returns—isn't that she yonder?"

Near them, coming down the forest path, was a tall, ungainly creature, whose heavy man's boots were revealed by the short skimpy skirts.

A faded shawl was pinned most awkwardly around the square shoulders, and an old hood was drawn over the head.

A dark skin, yellow-stained teeth, and a basket of blossoms completed the description.

Somewhat awe-stricken, the girls awaited her approach in silence; then suddenly, as if possessed of some impulse, Leila Lynington darted from her seat on the mossy tree-trunk, and ran forward to meet the woman.

"See—stop a moment while I tell you what I will pray you to do. The little white-faced chit yonder, with the cherry-colored shawl over her shoulders—you must prophesy her a dark fortune, the gloomier the better. Do you mind? And for me—remember to describe a tall, royal man with dark eyes, a fair skin, and brown hair—rich, elegant husband."

Then taking breath after the disjointed sentences, Leila pressed a five-dollar bill in the witch's hand, and swept haughtily back.

"That's not fair!" cried Guilio. "How are we to know you have not bribed her?"

"Because I say I have not," unblushingly replied Leila; and just then the fortune-teller set down her basket and approached the party.

"What is it you want?"

It was a rough voice, and Ida shivered.

"What should we want, sure enough? Ain't it your business to tell fortunes?"

The fortune-teller turned her eyes slowly toward Guilio.

Cross my palm with silver and I will read the stars for you. It is not you, bright-eyed maiden," she went on, as the girls dropped the previously-provided scarce silver coins in her grimy hand. "It is written against you to marry early, be widowed early, and all with a cloud on your heart never to be uplifted till the second lover comes with bonny blue eyes to smile it away."

She abruptly dropped Guilio's hand and turned to Ida Searle.

"No, no!" cried Ida; "I dare not let you! I think it is wrong—"

"You fool!" muttered Leila, fiercely. "Let her tell it, now we are here. Perhaps she will promise Mr. Florestan to you."

Her tones were full of taunting scorn.

"Mr. Florestan?" returned Guilio, merrily to Leila. "Why, he is in love with you—or vice versa. Which is it, Queen Leila?"

Miss Lynington's lips curled with a self-satisfied smile, and she held out her hand to the Gipsy.

"Perhaps Guilio can inform you on that disputed point—can you?"

The fortune-teller peered at the soft pink palm; then went over to Ida, whose eyes were full of crushed tears; then she shook her head.

"I see clouds, black and rose-colored; I see treachery and tender-heartedness; I see happiness and discontent; it lies between you two—you two."

Then she turned abruptly away, and the girls, with a burst of surprised exclamations, retraced their steps.

Flushed, weary, and yet passing fair, Leila Lynington sat among the honeysuckle vines that clung around the hotel porch; Ida nestled on the grass at the foot of the flight, her white robes gleaming in the duskiness.

Alvan Florestan, carelessly smoking, came up the village street from the depot, and Leila's cheeks flushed as she saw him coming, for, with all her faults she loved him so.

"The night is so splendid, Alvan."

Her low, thrilling tones did not seem to discompose him in the least; and, despite that confidentially, friendly "Alvan," that she seldom ventured on, he very coolly knocked the column of ashes from his cigar.

"Yes, very fine," he remarked, a second later.

"Isn't that Ida on the grass by the cleander?"

"I guess so. We missed you so much. I wished a dozen times you had gone."

"Yes? Well, I had pretty serious business to transact, and I feel gratified at the result. I collected a bill I never dreamed of."

Somehow it stirred Leila's heart to have him speak to her of his private affairs; and how stately his head was, leaning against the white pillar.

"I am glad you were successful; I am always pleased to hear of the good fortune of any one I—of a friend."

She made that little mistake very charmingly, and lifted her eyes to his.

"That reminds me," he said, after another pause. "I think you can tell me where this came from. I assure you I shall keep it as a memento of this lucky day."

He drew a five-dollar bill from his vest pocket. Leila stared.

"What?" she said, at length.

Then he drew his cigar away, and descending a step lower, stood just in front of Leila.

"Miss Lynington, my little ruse in borrowing the fortune-teller's house and apparel, to-day, from a friend of pure mischief, has resulted very strangely—very solemnly, and yet very delightfully. I need not explain; suffice it that I shall ever retain your generous fee to remind me why I never became nearer or dearer to you. Now, I am going down there, under the cleander, to ask Ida Searle to be my wife."

And so Ida's fortune was a true one—the rose-colored clouds, and the life of happiness—for as Mrs. Alvan Florestan, her days passed in one long, sweet devotion.

The Man from Texas:

OR,

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.

A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "HAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED HART," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"LIFTING THE TRAIL."

"By golly! I say, Massa Texas?" Sam exclaimed, as he opened the door, and the light streaming out revealed the face and form of the overseer.

"Yes; come out; I want to speak to you."

"Yes, sar," and Sam advanced a step or two.

"Close the door; I want you to walk up the road a piece."

"Yes, sar," responded the negro, promptly; then he closed the door and followed the overseer.

"Hadin't you better go and get a hat?" Texas asked, noticing that the black was uncovered.

"Is you gwine fur?"

"Oh, no, only up to the gate; I want to have a little talk with you about the hands," the overseer answered.

"All right, den; s'pect I won't catch de r'umatis; dis yer child tough," Sam said, confidently.

The two walked slowly past the house and

down the shady avenue, bordered by magnolia trees, which led to the main road.

"Quite a number of the hands are in the stable now, I suppose?" Texas asked.

"Yes, sar; de boys heered jes' a bit 'bout dat yer trial an' how de ole Judge fotched dem, an' dey come up for to git me to 'splain de matter to dere obfuscated interlums," Sam explained, with a great deal of dignity visible in his manner.

"What do they think about the affair?"

"By golly, dey say dat de ole Judge is mad for sure, an' dat young Bob Howard ain't much better, fur he's generally dat full of whisky dat it wouldn't do fur to hold a lighted match near his mouf, kase he'd 'spolde, sure's yer born."

"But what do they think of the way I handled King Congo?"

"Now, Massa Texas, I jes' tell yer w'at it is!" Sam exclaimed, emphatically. "dar ain't a nig on dis yer plantation dat would dar' to wink crossways at ye now. Dat Congo's jes' de worst man you eber seed. He's jes' bin walkin' right ober de darkies 'round heah eber since he come."

"You think, then, that we will not have any trouble with the hands?" Texas asked, thoughtfully.

"Not a mite, Massa Texas!" Sam exclaimed, in a very decided manner; "dey's all willin' to work, ef dem bad niggers will only keep away an' luff 'em alone. Dey's got to live jes' like a white man, an' ef dey don't work, whar is dey gwine to git dar victuals, an' dat's w'at de matter wid Hannah?"

"The hands generally are perfectly willing to work, I suppose, if such fellows as this Congo leave them alone?"

"By golly, Massa Texas, you kin jes' bet all de hands on de back of your head on dat!" Sam replied, emphatically. "It's jes' such mean brack niggers as dis yer Congo dat makes all de fuss. I 'clar to goodness, I done t'ink you smash him ribs in when you hit dat belly-whopper dat time. By golly! he looked as ef he had bin sent fur an' couldn't come!"

The overseer laughed at the expression.

"Who were those fellows that Congo had along with him?"

"Dem darkies dat lie so in de court?"

"Yes."

"Don't wan' fur to say nuffin ag'in' no body," Sam said, cautiously, "but, ef I was a chicken an' saw dem nigs comin' in de night, I jes' roost mighty high."

"Don't work much, I suppose?"

"De hardest work dey eber do is huntin' 'coons in de swamp," Sam replied, disdainfully. "Dem's poor trash; ain't fit fur nuffin but to drink whisky, an' sleep in de sun wid dere moufs open fur to ketch flies."

"Yes, but this old fellow that they call Uncle Snow, is he one of that class, too?" Texas asked, carelessly.

"Oh, no, sar; he's a gemmen, he is. He's jes' one of de best ole niggers dat dere is in dis yer country. Why, he was raised on dis yer place wid de General."

"He was?"

"Yes, sar; 'fore de war he was de General's own man, but when de General was off wid de sodjers, arter de Linkum Yankees come, de ole Uncle started a store fur to sell to de sodjers; you see, dere was 'bout a hundred Yankees down to de landing."

"And did the old man make out pretty well?" Texas asked, in a careless sort of way.

"Yes, sar; he done first-rate, an' he's got a mighty nice little store now in his ole shanty; he does a heap of business dere."

"Where is the old man's store?"

"Texas asked the question more with the air of a man who was merely talking because he had nothing better to do than from any real interest in the subject.

"You knows whar de Judge's place is; an' ef you noticed dat jes' afore you get to de first house de odder side of de Judge's place dat dere is a small road turns off, to de right."

"Yes, sar; I noticed it," the overseer said, thoughtfully; "there's a small white-washed shanty on the left, facing the road, isn't there?"

"Yes, sar," Sam replied, promptly. "Well, when you get to dat road you turn off to de right han', as ef you was agwine to Fort Smith, an' de first house you come to is ole Uncle Snow's."

Then the overseer turned abruptly round and commenced to walk back to the house; Sam followed his example.

"You think that there will be no trouble with the hands?" Texas said, returning to the former subject again.

"No, sar; sure as yer born!" replied the negro, decidedly. "dere won't any more mean brack trash come foelin' round dis yer plantation arter dey way you wolloped Congo; but jes' you look out, Massa Texas, dat dat mean nig don't hide in a fence-corner wid a shot-gun fur yer some time; he'd jes' as soon shoot a man as eat a roasted 'possum."

"I'll keep my eyes open for him," Texas replied, in his cool, careless way. "If he ever levels a weapon at me, I'll give him a chance to get measured for a coffin before he can pull the trigger."

"Hi-yab!" chuckled Sam; "I'd walk ten miles fur to see dat nigger planted, 'deed I would!"

The two walked on in silence until they reached the house.

With his foot on the steps, Texas spoke: "We'll take field bright and early to-morrow; we must make up for the time lost to-day."

"Yes, sar; de nigs are willin' fur to do all dey kin ef dey ain't sturbed by scallywags lums like dat Congo," Sam replied, as he departed for the stable.

The overseer proceeded up-stairs directly to his room, drew a match on the sole of his boot and lit a candle, which stood upon the mantelpiece.

The face of the overseer was dark and gloomy, and there was a restless, fitful light in his eyes.

He opened the top drawer of the little bureau, which stood between the two windows, and from the drawer took the leather belt which swung the two holsters into which the revolvers were thrust.

Texas drew the revolvers from the holsters, and by the light of the candle, inspected the charges. Fully satisfied that they were in perfect order, he returned them to their places and buckled the belt around his waist. Then from the drawer he took the keen-edged bowie-knife and thrust it through the belt. And after this was done, he extinguished the candle, and quietly closing the door behind him, stole with noiseless steps down the stairs.

With equal caution he opened the front door of the house and closed it behind him, after he had passed through the portal.

The sounds of laughter and of merriment still came from the negroes in the stable.

Texas hesitated and listened for a moment; then descending the steps, he walked cautiously down the avenue toward the road.

He fancied that he was unobserved, but his thought was wrong, for Missouri, sitting by one of the windows of her bed-chamber, which overlooked the approach to the house, detected the figure of the overseer skulking, like a thief in the night, into the dense shadows cast by the magnolia trees.

CHAPTER XXV.

OLE UNCLE SNOW.

WITH cautious steps the overseer proceeded until he came to the main road; then he cast a single glance back at the house as if to reassure himself that his departure had not been noticed by any one. Feeling fully satisfied that he was unobserved, he proceeded with rapid steps down the road toward Smithville.

It was one of the balmy spring nights so common to Arkansas. The dark-blue sky above was studded with a countless myriad of twinkling stars—spangled over with the jewels of the night. The moon had not yet risen, but afar off on the line of the eastern horizon appeared the faint glow of light which heralded the coming of the bride of darkness. The insects of the night piped their shrill tones from earth, grass, bush and tree, and all the air was filled with a sweet, subtle perfume coming from the opening spring blossoms.

But the overseer heeded not the glorious sky above, the notes of the night insects, nor the sweet incense of Nature's children. Once he had paused and cast a glance up at the be-diamonded heavens above, not to look and wonder at the flashing lamps of the firmament, but to note how soon the moon would rise, and then again he had halted for a second in his rapid onward stride when the distant howls of the watch-dogs broke upon the stillness of the night, as cur answered cur in fierce and vaporous yowl.

Onward with vigorous strides he went, the fierce passion of the chase swelling in his heart, and what scent so hot in our nostrils as when we track the human quarry?

Judge Yell's place he passed and came to where the narrow road turned off to the right.

Twenty paces up the road, heading to the west, and the overseer paused in front of a small two-story shanty, the whitewashed walls of which glared out on the gloom of the night.

Through the cracks of the door and the tightly-shuttered windows came the flickering rays of a light, showing that the inmates of the shanty had not yet retired to rest.

The overseer stepped up to the door and knocked.

There was a moment of silence, then came the sound of some one moving within the shanty and then steps approached the door but no one spoke. The overseer guessed at once that the inmate was listening as if to assure himself that his ears had not deceived him; so Texas raised his hand and thumped on the door again.

"Who's dar?" questioned a voice from within, and from the voice the overseer recognized at once that it was the old uncle in person who spoke.

"Mr. Texas, General Smith's overseer."

"An' does you want fur to see me?" the old negro asked.

"Yes, I've got some very important business with you, open the door."

"Is you all alone?"

"Yes," Texas replied, wondering at the old man's caution.

Then he heard the noise made by the negro in removing the stout bar which fastened the door, and after that the door opened and the old, white-headed darky peered out cautiously.

"Fore de Lord, dat is you for sure, Massa Texas!" the old negro exclaimed, throwing open the door widely so that the overseer could enter; an invitation which he immediately proceeded to accept.

The interior of the shanty consisted of one room only. On the right hand was a small counter, and around the sides of the room were shelves filled with a miscellaneous stock of groceries and dry-goods.

A tallow candle burned on the counter, and near by was a cane-seat arm-chair which the old negro evidently had been occupying when he had been aroused by the knock at the door.

At one end of the room was a ladder which led to the second story.

"Did you have any doubt as to whether it was me or not?" the overseer asked, as the old man closed the door again and proceeded to put up the bar.

"Yes, sar," the old uncle answered, promptly; "dere's a heap of mean white folks—an' brack trash too fur dat matter—a-prowlin' round arter dark. You can't be too keeful, Massa Texas. Dey t'ink dat de ole man's got a little money 'kase I keeps dis yere store, an' I done t'ink dat dey will trouble me sometime. I t'ought I knew yer voice, but I wasn't gwine to lef you in afore I know'd fur sure."

"Is there anybody besides ourselves in the house?" Texas asked, glancing around, and his eyes resting upon the rude ladder leading to the upper story.

"Yes, sar; dere's my gran'son up dar," the old negro replied. "I s'pect he's sound asleep dough; dat chile kin sleep like a yaller dog in de sun."

"You had better find out if he is asleep, for I have something very particular to say to you, and I don't wish any one to hear it besides ourselves." Texas spoke with evident earnestness.

The old negro looked astonished. He couldn't imagine what could be the nature of the communication.

"I done see, sar," he replied. "Ephraim, you Ephraim!" he called, going to the foot of the ladder; but there was no answer from the occupant of the room above. "I done t'ink he's sound as a 'coon in a hollow tree, Massa Texas," the old negro said, in a tone of conviction. "I'll jes' take a look up dar an' see dough, fur sure."

The old man climbed up the ladder, and as his head emerged through a hole in the floor above, the heavy breathing of the young negro, who was stretched out, wrapped in a buffalo robe, in the further corner of the upper room, convinced him that the boy was sound asleep.

The negro descended the ladder again.

"Is he asleep?" Texas asked.

"Jes' like a log, sar; 'fore de Lord, he isn't gwine to done wake out of dat sleep afore de mornin'," the old negro answered.

"Then he will not be like to overhear our conversation?"

"No, sar."

"Sit down, uncle, for I reckon we've got quite a talk before us," Texas said, helping himself to the arm-chair by the counter while the old negro sat down on a keg near by, an expression of wonder on his face.

"Now, uncle, we want to go a good ways back—way back to the first of the war," Texas began.

"Yes, sar; but dis yere ole nigger is jes' stumped as to w'at you's gwine to say," the aged black remarked, in wonder.

"You will understand pretty soon; but, in the first place, before I commence, I want you to promise to keep what I am going to say a profound secret. You mustn't say a word about the matter to any one. Will you promise that?"

The old darky thought the matter over for a few minutes in silence.

"See hyer, Massa Texas," he said, at length, "you isn't gwine to git me inter any trouble, is you?"

"Oh, no, no fear of that."

"Well, then, as long as you isn't gwine to ax

"No, sar, an' I don't 'spect dat it would hurt him a mite ef he wasn't," the old dorky said, sagely. "But you see, sar, your comin' in dis yere promise way an' 'quirin' 'bout dat yaller boy has so kinder obfuscated me dat I 'clare to man I see completely conglom-erated."

"Go ahead and tell me what you know about the boy, and then I'll explain to you why I in-quire and the means by which I have been constituted heir to the package that Jupiter left in this town."

"Yes, sar," the negro said, absently; his mind was evidently in a fog. The easy assurance of the overseer perplexed him.

"You first met Jupe in sixty-three, I be-leave?"

"Yes, sar, it was when dat yere Texas rig-ment was hyer. I had jes' got permission from de General fur to open dis yere store. I kin re-member jes' as well as kin be, it was de very night dat dat Texas regiment left de landing fur to go an' fight dat Yankee General Steele, dat was advanced fur to robble up Little Rock, an' 'fore de Lord, he did, too, in spite of 'em."

Well, sar, dat very night I was a-comin' on de Mulberry creek road—you see, I'd been back in de country, fur to buy some eggs an' chickens an' a lot of odder truck; an' dere was a bright moon dat night, an' jes' as I come along de road, 'bout three miles out, where de swash from Black Jack Swamp run clos' up to de road, I heered de awfulest groans dat I ebber did heer. At fust I was de most scared nigger dat ebber was seen, but den I listen jes' a little, an' I foun' out dat de noise came from a little ole cabin back from de road, right by de swamp; an' den, putty soon, I see'd dat it was n't any 'ting bad, only some poor critter dat was hurt mighty awful. So I went ober to de cabin, an' dere I foun' Jupiter a-lyin' flat on his back wid de wust fever dat you ebber did see. I fixed him up as well as I could, an' he tole me all about himself. He was de servant of one of dem Texas ossifers, an' he had bin beat jes' as ef he had bin a dog, an' he'd run away, knowin' dat de regiment was gwine to move afore long, an' dat dey wouldn't be able fur to hunt for him much. He had bin lyin' in de swamp fur two nights an' de fever got hold of him. You see, he was one of dem niggers from near de Mexikin line, whar dey don't have much fever. He hadn't suffer much till arter sundown, an' den de ole fever jes' laid him right out. I s'pect he would have bin a dead nigger 'fore long ef I hadn't come along jes' den, like de good Samaritan dat you read about in de Scriptures. I happen to have a lit-tle whisky dat pine burrs had bin steeped in, de best 'ting in de world fur to break de fever, an' wid dat I fotech him along. Arter he got well, an' de Yankee gobbled up Little Rock, he went down dere an' I nebber see'd any thin' more of him."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

"LET the fight be a fair one!" So demand several voices as the pirate crew comes clustering around the intending combatants.

"Look here, shipmates!" continues Striker, still standing between the two angry men, and alternately crying them. "What's the use o' spillin' blood about it, may be killin' one the other? All for the sake o' a pair o' petticoats, or a kuppel o' pairs 'tyther. Take my advice, an' settle the thing in a pacifical way. Maybe ye will, after ye've heerd what I intend proposin', which, I dar' say, 'll be satisfactory to all."

"What is it, Jack?" asks one of the out-siders.

"First, then, I'm a-goin' to make the observa-tion that whoever ain't the way to get them weemen, whifver may be fools enough to fight for 'em. There's somethin' to be did besides."

"Explain yourself, old Sydney; what's to be done besides?"

"The girls has got to be paid for as well as fit for."

"How?"

"How! What humbuggin' nonsense to ask! Hain't we all equal shares in 'em? Coarse we have. Therefore them as wants 'em bad, won't object to payin' 'em. There appear to be four can-didates in the field, and cuttin' enough they're set in pairs, two for each o' the scenery-tas. Now, 'thout referrin' to any fightin' that's to be done, I say that either as eventually gits a gal, shed pay a considerable sum o' gold-dust all round to the rest o' us—say a pannikin apiece. That's what Jack Striker first proposes."

"It's fair," says one.

"Nothing more than our rights," asserts a second.

"I agree to it," says Harry Blew.

"I too," adds Davis.

Gomez gives assent by a disdainful nod, Her-nandez making the action. In fear of losing adherents, neither dare refuse.

"What more have you to say?" asks one, re-calling Striker to his promise of further propo-sals.

"Not much, only I think it be a pity, after our bein' so long in harmony together, we can't part same way. Weemen's allers been a bother ever since I've knowed 'em; an' I s'pose they'll continue so to the end o' the chapter, an' the end o' some lives here. I repeat, that it be a pity we shed have to wind up w' a quarrel, when blood's bound to be spilt. Now, why can't it be settled without that? I think I know of a way."

"What way?"

"Leave it to the women themselves; giv' them the choice o' who they'd like to go along wif; same time lettin' 'em understand they've got to choose one or t'other. Let 'em take their pick, an' after, there's to be no more disputin'. That's the law in the Austraylin bush, when we've a case o' this kind, and every bush-ranger has to 'bide by it. Why shouldn't it be the same here?"

"Why shouldn't it? It's a good law—just and fair for all."

"I consent to it," says Harry Blew, drawing back, as if not sure of the result, but willing to submit to what may be the wish of the majority. "I may not be so young or good-lookin' as Mr. Gomez," he adds. "I know I ain't, 'tyther. Still, I'll take my chance. If she I love and lay claim to, pronounces against me, I promise to stand aside, and say ne'er another word, much less care to fight for her. She may go wif Gomez, an' take my blessin' for both."

"Bravo, Blew! You talk like an honest man. Don't be afraid; we'll stand by you."

Several say this.

"Comrades!" says Davis. "I place myself in your hands, and casting their eyes around, they have evidence of the truth of his assertion. They are upon an island—a strait, many miles across, separating them from the main land. A strait too wide to be traversed by the strong-est swimmer among them—too wide for them to be descried from the opposite shore, even through a telescope."

And the island is a mere strip of sea-washed rock, running parallel to the coast, cliff-bound, table-topped, sterile, treeless.

And to all appearance waterless!

As this last thought takes shape in their minds, at the same time remembering they have no boat, what was at first only a flurry of excited apprehension, settles into fixed, stead-fast fear.

It becomes cold terror when, after scattering over the islet, and exploring it from end to

Gomez gives it, his eyes flashing fire as he speaks. Hitherto he has been holding his anger in restraint. Now it breaks out, poured forth like lava from a burning mountain.

"Carajo!" he cries. "I've been listening a long time to talk—taking it too coolly. Cursed idle talk, all of it; yours, Mr. Striker, especial-ly. What care we about your ways in the Aus-tralian bush? They won't hold good with me. My style of settling disputes is this, or this."

He touches his pistol butt, and the hilt of the machete hanging against his hip.

"Blew may have his choice," Mr. Striker says.

"All right!" retorts Blew. "I'm good for a bout wif 'tyther, and don't care a toss which. Pistols at six paces, or my cutlass against that thing of yours. Both if you like."

"Both be it. That's the best; and we'll make the end sure. Get ready, and quick, for I in-tend killing you."

"Say you intend trying. I'm ready now. You may begin soon's you feel disposed."

"And I'm ready for you, sir," says Davis, confronting Hernandez. "Knives, pistol, to-ma-hawks, any thing you please."

Hernandez hangs back, as though he would rather decline the proposed combat a l'outrance.

"No, Bill," exclaims Striker, interfering. "One fight at a time. When Blew and Go-mez hev got through, then you can g'e the other his change, if so be he wants to hev it."

Hernandez appears gratified with the speech, disregarding the innuendo. He had no thought it would come to this, and looks as if he would surrender up his sweetheart without striking a blow. He makes no rejoinder, but shrinks back like a craven.

"Yes; one fight at a time!" urge the others, indorsing the dictum of Striker.

It is the demand of the majority, and the mi-nority concedes it.

All know it is to be a duel to the death. A glance at the antagonists, at their angry eyes and determined attitudes, makes this sure. On that lone sea beach, one of the two will soon sleep his last sleep; it may be both.

The preliminaries are speedily arranged. Un-der the circumstances, and between such ad-versaries, there are but few unilities of cere-mony to be satisfied; only the rough code of honor common among robbers of all climes.

No seconds are chosen or spoken of. All on the ground are to act as such, and at once pro-ceed to business.

Some mark and measure the distance, step-ping it between two stones. Others examine the pistols, see that both are loaded with ball-cartridge, and carefully capped.

The fight is to be with Colt's six-shooters, navy size. Each combatant chances to have one of this pattern. They are to commence firing at twelve paces apart, and fire away, clos-ing quick as either chooses. If neither fall to the shots, then to finish up with the steel.

The captives inside the cave are ignorant of what is going on. Little dream they of the red tragedy soon to be enacted near, or how much they may be affected by its result. It is, in-deed, to them the chance of a contrasting des-tiny.

The combatants have taken stand by the stones, placed twelve paces apart. Blew, hav-ing stripped off his pilot-cloth coat, is in his shirt-sleeves. Hernandez, too, has thrown aside his outer garment, and is in his shirt-sleeves. They are show-ranges of tattooing, red and blue, ships, anchors, stars, crosses, crescents and sweet-hearts, a perfect palimpsest of pictorial record. They show also muscles lying along the arm like semit cords upon a stay. Should the shots fall, that arm promises well for wielding the cutlass; and if those fingers clutch his antago-nist's throat, the struggle will be a short one.

No weak adversary will he meet in Gil Gomez. He, too, has thrown aside his outer garment, and is in his shirt-sleeves. He does not need stripping to the shirt-sleeves; the light *jaqueta* of velvet in no way incumbers him. Fitting like a glove, it displays arms of no ordinary strength, with a body in symmetrical corre-spondence.

A duel between two such gladiators—and to the death—should be a spectacle worth witness-ing. It might be painful; for all that, fear-fully interesting.

Those about to witness it seem to think so, as all stand silent, with breath bated, and eyes bent alternately on the two antagonists.

It is has been already arranged that Striker is to give the signal, and the ex-convict, standing centrally outside the line of fire, is about to say a word that will set two men, mad as tigers, at one another—each with full determination to blaze away, cut down, and kill.

There is a moment of intense stillness, like the lull which precedes a storm. Nothing heard save the tidal wash against the adjacent strand and the boom of the distant breakers, at intervals intermingled with the shrill scream of a sea-bird.

The cry "ready" is forming on Striker's lips, to be followed by the "Fire!"—one—two—three.

Not one of these words, not a syllable of them, is he permitted to speak. Before he can give utterance to the "ready," a cry comes down from the cliff, which arrests the attention of all.

It is La Crosse who sends it, speaking in an accent of alarm.

"*Save!*" he exclaims. "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*"

Then follows the explanatory phrase: "We're upon an island!"

CHAPTER LXX.

RETRIBUTION.

WHEN the forest is on fire, or the savanna swept by flood, and the wild denizens flee to a spot uninvaded, the timid deer is safe beside the fierce wolf and treacherous cougar. In face of the common danger they will stand tremblingly together, the beasts of prey for the time gentle as their victims.

So with human kind; a parallel being fur-nished by what occurs to the pirate crew of the Condor and their captives.

The former on hearing the cry of La Crosse are at first only surprised. Soon this changes to apprehension, keen enough to stay the threatening fight, even indefinitely to postpone it. For at the words "we're upon an island" all are struck with an instinctive sense of danger; and all, combatants as well as specta-tors, rush up the cliff, and on to the summit of a hill La Crosse has already climbed.

Arrived there, and casting their eyes around, they have evidence of the truth of his assertion. They are upon an island—a strait, many miles across, separating them from the main land. A strait too wide to be traversed by the strong-est swimmer among them—too wide for them to be descried from the opposite shore, even through a telescope.

And the island is a mere strip of sea-washed rock, running parallel to the coast, cliff-bound, table-topped, sterile, treeless.

And to all appearance waterless!

As this last thought takes shape in their minds, at the same time remembering they have no boat, what was at first only a flurry of excited apprehension, settles into fixed, stead-fast fear.

It becomes cold terror when, after scattering over the islet, and exploring it from end to

end, they again come together and each party delivers its report.

No wood save some stunted mezuquites; no water, stream, pond or spring; only that of the salt sea, laving its shingly strand. No sign of animal life, except snakes, scorpions and lizards, with the birds flying above screaming, as if in triumph at the intruders being entrapped.

For they are entrapped, and clearly compre-hend it. Most of them are men who have pro-fessionally followed the sea, and understand what it is to be a *castaway*. Some have had experience of this, and need no reminding of its privations and danger.

After again gazing across the broad belt of water between them and the main shore—an expanse that precludes all thought of swimming—after giving another glance at the sterile islet, at the same time recalling the circumstances of their bled boat, to a man they feel their safety compromised, as if the spot of insulated earth under their feet instead of being but three leagues from land were three thousand; for that matter, in the middle of the Pacific.

One and all now realize the extent of the danger they have brought upon themselves. What madness to have abandoned the barque! What would they not give to be again in her, she still sailing! Most of them believe that she has gone to the bottom of the sea, and now reflect that their cruelty to those on board has come back upon them as a curse!

The interrupted duel—what of it? Noth-ing. Or, if any thing, only thought of as a tower of the past. Between the *à-dieu* com-batants mad anger and jealous rivalry may still remain. But neither shows it now; both are subdued in contemplation of their common peril. Blew apparently less than his antago-nist.

Still all seem sufficiently frightened—awed by a combination of occurrences that look like Heaven's hand stretched out to chastise them for their sins.

In their midst Carmen Montijo and Inez Al-varez are now as safe as if walking the streets of Cadiz, or flirting their fans at a *fandango* de *toros*. Safe so far as any likelihood of being molested by the ruffians around them; safe as the lamb beside the millennial lion.

But alas! exposed to the danger threatening all—to death from hunger, thirst, starvation.

Of this, at first, there is only a vague fear. Surely some means will be discovered to escape from the island? Or remaining on it, some way to sustain life?

Hopes, that as the days pass, turn out illu-sions. Not a stick of timber out of which to construct a raft, nothing for food, save reptiles on the land, and shell-fish in the sea; these scarce and difficult to be collected. Now, and then a bird, its flesh ill-flavored smelling, rank, and the same tasting. But the want above all—water! For days not a drop till their throats feel as if on fire.

Plenty of water around. Too much of it rippling up to their feet—only tantalizing them. The briny deep—they may touch, but dare not taste. It makes them mad to look upon it. To drink it will but madden them the more. Knowing this they refrain.

A fearful fate threatens the crew of the abandoned barque; in horror equaling that to which they believe they have consigned those left aboard her.

It might be deemed a just retribution—a punishment apportioned to their crime—but for their innocent captives, who are destined to suffer the same.

Presuming this to be the result, one can not feel, with the pirates, that God's hand is upon them, or that His arm has yet been extended over that desert isle. If it were, He would not suffer the innocent to go down with the guilty.

Let us hope, let us pray, that he will not.

CHAPTER LXXI.

SIX DAYS OF AGONY.

"VIRGIN! *Santissima Virgen!* Mother of God, have mercy!"

The prayerful apostrophe is heard in the ca-bin of the Condor. It is Don Gregorio Monti-jo who utters it.

Six days have elapsed since the desertion of the crew; and the vessel is still afloat, sailing with full canvas set as on the night when the pirates forsook her.

During all this time has her captain been seated at table *à-la-vie* with his passenger. Upright in their chairs, without change of atti-tude, or none worth noting. Without having tasted food or drink, in spite of the repast spread before them. Confections; fruits so near that the perfume fills their nostrils; the *bouquet* of best wines escaping from uncorked bottles, and decanters with the stoppers out.

Little care they for the quality of these. The craving hunger and burning thirst from which they now suffer would make welcome the stales, stalest, sea-biscuit, and the worst wa-ter contained in a ship's cask.

Food and drink before their eyes, but be-yond reach of their hands and lips as much as if miles away! It but aggravates their suffer-ing; and they experience all the agony that tortured Tantalus.

For six long days have they endured it, and as many nights. It has made fearful inroad on their strength, their frames. Both are reduced almost to the condition of skeletons; cheek-bones protruding, eyes sunk deep in the sockets. Were the cords which confine them cut away, they would sink feebly the floor. The lashing alone keeps them erect.

Impossible to paint the agony of those dread six days—the pangs of hunger, the terrible torture of thirst, and along with both the con-stant and dread certainty of death—lingering death. To Don Gregorio more, far more. Plundered of his property, bereft of his chil-dren, at once robbed and ruined! All this in retrospect, with the fear keener anguish, as he reflects on the present, and the future. Where are his dear ones? What has been done to them? What is to be their fate? Is it still hanging over them? Or have they been ful-filled?

In any case so sad he scarce dares to dwell on it. He dreads the undoing of his reason.

The two starving men have not all the while been silent. At times they have conversed up-on the circumstances of their desperate situa-tion, reviewing the events that led to it. Not much of the latter; since the cause seems clear. Cupidity, tempted by gold, sufficiently accounts for the robbery of the ship and her desertion. The abduction has been a circumstance acci-dental to the scheme. The pirates carrying off the booty were not likely to leave such beauty behind.

All these points have come up in converse, and been so decided on.

Other topics have occupied them. The treach-ery of Harry Blew; him so much confided in; with the singular fact of the whole crew having taken part in the hellish deed. Not one man honest—none faithful!

They have not dwelt much on this; nor ought else connected with motives or causes. They have been too much absorbed by the ef-fect, taking counsel as to their chance of es-cape.

And this only in the earlier days, and indeed only the earlier hours. Ere a day and night had elapsed, they knew there was no hope, and gave up speaking, almost thinking of it.

During the first day they had exerted their

voices, at intervals calling aloud; to hear re-sponses in a similar strain—the cries of the cook in his caboose. As he came out, they could but conclude that he, like themselves, was confined, fast bound beyond the power of releasing him-self.

Then, long spells of silence—mute, motion-less despair, with heads drooped, and chins touching the breasts.

Now and then Don Gregorio raising his eyes to look out upon the sea visible to him, as he sat facing the cabin windows. Sometimes gazing for an hour upon the blue expanse and the white froth cast up by the barque's keel, stringing far astern. Seeing now and then the spout of a *cachalot*, a "school" of bounding porpoises, or the flapping wings of a bird.

Once seeing what caused him to start, cry out, and writhe in his ropes. A ship in full sail crossing the barque's wake, scarce a cable's length astern!

Hearing also a hail, to which he and Lauta-nas responded in their strongest voice, far too feeble. Repeating their responses for nearly an hour after, till hope again forsook them, and they sink back to their habitual despair. Nothing after, save the gibbering of the ou-rangs, that they know to be loose, scampering over the deck, at times coming down the cabin stair, and dashing their uncouth form against the door.

It is the morning of the seventh day, and Don Gregorio has lost all hope of help from man. It has long since left Lautanas, who sits without speaking, a word, his eyes closed, his head loling back, supported by the top rail of the chair. But for the occasional twitching of his features one might believe him dead, so pale his cheeks, so white his lips, so wan and wasted every way!

But if Don Gregorio has lost hope of help from man, he still has faith in GOD—in heaven. Hence his appeal to the Virgin in the terms recorded. It is not the first time he has made it—not by scores; and again, as if mechanically, but with unabated fervor, he repeats it.

"Virgin! Holy Virgin! come to our aid! Mother of God, have mercy!"

All at once, as if startled from a dream, Lau-tanas raises his head, crying out:

"Virgin! there is no Virgin, no Mother of God, no God either! no mercy!"

"Don't speak in that way," remonstrates the Spaniard, his Christian sense shocked at the other's profanity. Then reproachfully looking across the table, he continues: "You know, dear Antonio, there is a God, and a God's mother—the Holy Mary, who has mercy."

"Where is she?" interrupts the Chilean.

"Where is this Mother of God? Where her mercy? I'm hungry and want to eat, why don't she provide me with food? I'm thirsty and want drink, why don't she give it to me? Ah! yes; there it is; both food and drink; plenty of plates and dishes, plenty of jugs and bottles, all full, all beautiful! What of that? And what of your merciful Mary? If she had a spark of it she'd not let these devils hold my hands and hinder me from getting at the good things. There's a legion of the devils, surely this good Virgin can command them? Why don't she do it, and cast them out? She has plenty of angels—why don't she order them to do it? Then we might eat, drink and be merry—now we can't—I can't. They've got hold of my hands, their claws clutching my throat. Ah! they are choking me. Take them off!"

"Don Antonio!"

"Take them off—off—off! Tell your Virgin, your good Virgin, to make her angels release me."

"Don Antonio!"

"No, they won't, nor she won't; the Mother of God won't; nor God himself."

"Dear Captain Lautanas!"

"Ha—ha—ha! Look at those fiends! see how they glance and sparkle! You call them decanters? They're not that; they're demons, demigods! And those black fellows! Merry for all that! Ha—ha—ha! How they laugh—how they dance! and without music! Where's my old cock? He can play both fiddle and banjo. Come, old Zanzibar! bring your instruments along! And where are my pets—the wild men of Borneo? They can dance too, kick up their heels like Persiphe-ro himself. Come down from the deck, you red-haired Bayaderes! Come and show us a step to beat all these devils and demigods. They'll do it. They'll do it; ha—ha—ha!"

"Oh, God!" groans Don Gregorio, "Lautanas has lost his reason!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

Jack Winthrop's Boast.

BY MARK WILTON.

"IN all my long years' experience on the south-west border," Jeb Washburn said, "I have never met with another man just like Jack Winthrop. I first encountered him during the Mexican war, when he, a life-long hunter and free-trapper, came into Taylor's army, and joined the company of which I was a member."

"Our company was composed entirely of those dauntless Texan rangers, whose names have become famous; but in all the organiza-tion there was not one like Jack Winthrop. We had been born and brought up on the wide-spread Texan prairie; had met the wild In-dian, and every wild beast that ranges between the Mississippi and the Rockies face to face, and were afraid of nothing human; but with all our readiness to meet any one in personal encounter, we were not long in acknowledging our inferiority to Jack Winthrop."

Tall and rather slim, he could not have weighed over a hundred and sixty, but in his long arms and sinewy frame lurked the strength of the grizzly bear. Then, too, he was as quick of motion as the panther, and, seemingly, as tenacious of life.

But enough of this, I said; I will to my story. Success crowned the mighty efforts of the invading army, and the Greasers were slowly but surely driven from one stronghold to another. At length we held a considerable number of them, besieged in a certain city, which, for reasons of my own, shall be here nameless."

"We outnumbered them three to one, but they had the advantage of us in having strong walls to defend them; so we were obliged to settle down to a long siege. Many of our largest guns were in the rear, and we had to wait for them to come up; and even when they had arrived, it was no small task to batter down their town."

"Thus, with occasional skirmishes, time passed on, and the Mexicans still held out with dogged resolution. We all fretted at this inactivity, and Jack Winthrop in particular, who was fiery and impatient, worked himself up into a towering passion."

"We who knew him best were not at all sur-prised when it was noised through the army that he had sent a defiance and challenge to the besieged. It was sent in his own handwriting, with remarkable spelling, and was to this ef-fect: 'Anouncing his contempt for the whole Mexican nation, he declared that he could whip any three men in the city. He then dared any three of them to meet him in an old deserted

house near the outside of the city, and fight him to the death."

"When this was generally known, there was a universal curiosity to know whether the challenge would be accepted; that there were three men in the city brave enough to fight a single person, even though that person be a man as famous as Jack Winthrop, we did not doubt, but the question was whether they would engage in so irregular an action or not."

"I hope the white-livered dogs won't," said old Bill Wicklow, "fur you'll get whipped, shore, Jack!"

"By the soul of Daniel Boone!" swore Jack Winthrop, "I hope they will! The Greaser ain't borned yit tek kin make Jack Winthrop pass in his checks."

"Don't be too shore, boyee. Ef them chaps send out a passel of fellers to meet ye, they won't be no coyotes, they won't, but reglar snorters."

"Shorters or coyotes, it don't matter to Jack Winthrop," cried the brave fellow. "Here's as kin whip any three, or five, or ten Greasers in all Mexico. Whoop! the bulls ain't run, nor the steel tempered feller's to end

day were so famous as swordsmen as Colonel Mion.

"We parted with courteous farewells—the Greasers removing their dead to the city, and we carrying Jack Winthrop back to our army, where he was ever after the especial favorite and hero. For he recovered, despite his many wounds, and still lives, a noble specimen of the Western hunter and free trapper."

Miss Everett's Hero.

A SKETCH OF NEWPORT BEACH.

BY HENRI MONTAIGNE.

THE Sans Souci, of the N. Y. Yachting Squadron, gracefully rounded to and dropped anchor just inside the commodore's yacht. Having fired a gun, which was promptly responded to by a dozen of more yachts lying all about her, she quickly folded her white wings for the night, and her people, forward and aft, slipped down below for supper. At seven o'clock Mr. Fred St. John, commander of the Sans Souci (when a certain young lady was not on board), came on deck and called for his gig. He stood at the rail for some moments after the boat was ready, thoughtfully pulling on his gloves. He had changed his yachting costume for an evening dress and looked decidedly stylish and handsome, a fact of which he conceived himself to be justly proud.

Indeed, so self-satisfied was he that he bestowed an unusually large "drinking fund" upon his boat's crew as he stepped ashore; and they went off up Thames street to squander it, while he sauntered over toward the Ocean House to call on Miss Kate Everett.

A word in regard to this lady. She was in all respects the "girl we kneel to," handsome, well-bred, accomplished and wealthy. When she drove her phaeton along the avenue, all the male swells admired her beauty, all the female swells envied her dress, and all the horse-jockeys, male and female, wished they could hold the reins as she did. Lovers in countless numbers cast themselves at her beautiful feet; but Miss Everett was fastidious and refused them, one and all. Indeed, this was her fault, that she was too high-toned in her notions. She thought men nowadays served her too well, and she was quite contrary to her. She was created for husbands. She had killed a great deal of time by novel reading, and, like many another girl just out of boarding-school, had some ridiculous ideas about heroes. Once, three or four weeks before this story opens, St. John had prevailed upon her to take a week's cruise in his yacht; and one sentimental night, before either of them knew what he was about, he had proposed to her. As soon as she found he was in earnest, she became genuinely angry. "I am very grateful for the honor you do me, Mr. St. John," she said, coldly; "but I beg of you not to mention the subject again." St. John, much chagrined, begged her pardon and got over it as best he could. By exercising a good deal of tact and circumspection he was fortunate enough to retain her esteem, and the two remained good friends.

When the commander of the Sans Souci arrived at the Ocean House, he was invited to become number thirteen of a party seated on the hotel piazza, of which party Miss Everett was number one. The topic of conversation happened to be that lady's favorite theme, "heroism," and she herself quite contrary to her habit, was taking a leading part in the discussion. She had just mentioned an incident then going the rounds of the papers; it is quite probable our readers remember it. A rowing party on one of the Great Lakes had gone too far from shore, and the wind rising suddenly, they found the water too rough for them. It was absolutely certain that, loaded as she was, the boat must swamp in a very few minutes.

The situation was appalling; but there was one on board who was equal to it. The steersman knew that with one less occupant the boat could live. Without a moment's hesitation he announced his intention of quitting her. Not with the hope of reaching the shore, though. Darkness was coming on, and full well he knew that to leave the boat was certain destruction. Yet to stay was also death not only for himself, but for them all. And so, in spite of a few feeble remonstrances from his companions, he plunged into the waves, and, without a single backward look, swam steadily away into the hereafter. Ah, to think of it! Many a man has been immortalized for a deed less noble. But the world has grown so busy and selfish that acts of the purest heroism are soonest forgotten.

Yet who shall say but that the spirit of that young hero hovered near and was well pleased that so beautiful a being as Kate Everett should tell his story with tears in her pitying eyes.

"Alas!" she cried, forgetful quite of her audience, "that earth must lose such a soul to gain even so grand an example. Oh, that I could know such a man as that! I think I could love him; but, indeed," she added, bitterly, "they are not to be found in my sphere."

Then the story of the day, blushing at her own warmth, as she caught the eye of Fred St. John fixed upon her in mute admiration. She froze immediately and said scarcely two words more the whole evening.

As for St. John, what she had uttered rang in his ears all the way down to Long Wharf. He was one of whom the world thought no more than of the majority of its young aristocrats; but the reader must take our word for it that, though pleasure had always been his chief object in life, he was at bottom a man. As he crawled into his berth that night—he was too thorough a sailor to sleep away from his vessel—he still repeated to himself those enthusiastic words of Miss Everett; and his last audible mutterings were: "By George! I'm not sure but I'd do as much myself to call a look like that to her face again."

The Sans Souci still lingered at Newport. The rest of the squadron came and went, sailed races to and fro to Block Island and down the Sound; but the Sans Souci rarely joined them. Her anchor must remain down so long as her owner's heart was so firmly anchored at the Ocean House. Thus St. John was not only miserable himself, but made his whole ship's company so by keeping them idle. He thought his passion incurable, and rejected all other means of curing it—the excitement of going to sea.

One evening as he was wandering about town, thoroughly dissatisfied with everything and everybody in the world except Miss Everett, he found himself, as usual, drawing near her hotel. From her uncle he learned that she was out.

"Some new piece of feminine folly," said the old gentleman, crustily. "They're all gone down to the beach for a moonlight bath in the surf. Idiots! They'll all come home drowned some day, and then they'll wish they'd minded me."

So, like a piece of steel after its magnet, Fred strolled down toward the beach and stood for a long time in the shadow watching the bathers. The scene was a beautiful one, well worthy of

artists greater than those who sketch for the illustrated papers. The sky was perfectly cloudless, nothing but the stars, and the full moon, down there at the water's edge, rising up out of the ocean and flinging its myriad silver arrows into the sea. A stiff breeze from the south sent great monsters of waves thundering in to shore, and as they felt the bottom beneath them, each one seemed to trip, and, for just a moment rearing its crested head on high, all glittering with jewels, then cast itself headlong toward the beach, spreading in gorgeous ruin over the sand. The bathers were all huddled, and most of them timidly remained near shore; but further out, where the water was almost beyond their depth, our hero could see a few bolder swimmers, and among them a certain scarlet suit, which he knew so well. He forgot all the rest and kept his eyes fixed upon Miss Everett.

Presently he saw her raise herself and face seaward, as if waiting for a wave; and looking out himself, he saw a splendid white cap rolling in; but, half-emerging from its crest, was something she evidently did not see—a heavy boat, bottom upward, drifting straight upon her. St. John caught the reflected ray of the moon upon the keel as it turned for an instant and then buried itself in the water. What if it should strike her? He half-shouted aloud, in his anxiety. She, too, seemed to see it, at least, she dove deep beneath the wave. He watched eagerly for her beyond. A minute passed and she did not reappear. He was certain of it now. The boat had stunned her, and she was already lost. With a great cry he flew toward the water, tearing off his coat as he ran. The bathers shrieked to see a form dash by them like a madman; but he heeded them not. Out, further out, he struggled—up to his waist—up to his arm-pits—up to his chin. Now he is swimming just where she went down. He reared his head above the waves. Oh, for a sight of only the ribbon of her hat to guide him, but he saw nothing. He called her name piteously aloud; nothing replied, but a big wave dashed insolently in his face and filled him with terrible despair.

Something touched his foot; it could not be the bottom, and there were no rocks there. He gave a frantic yell and dove deep down, grasping wildly as he went. Something swept across his face, and biting at it instinctively, his teeth closed upon—a woman's hair. It was she! He knew it and swam swiftly to the surface with both hands free, dragging her with his teeth. He put one arm around her neck, supported her insensible form, thus for a single moment, and then with little effort—for he was a powerful swimmer—he bore her, shoreward on the breast of an inbound wave.

He carried her quickly toward a bathing-house; and then tenderly laying her down, and seeing there were plenty of friends to care for her, acting upon a sudden impulse, he snatched up his coat and hurried away unrecognized.

As he climbed the side of the Sans Souci, he was surprised to find something in his hand. His fingers were tightly closed over a tiny locket, with no chain or ribbon attached. How did it come to his hand?

Next day the town was ringing with stories of Miss Everett's accident; and everybody spoke in praise of her unknown preserver. Calling at the hotel, St. John found her not seriously ill, but much shaken and weakened by her mishap. He went away without seeing her, but two evenings after he was admitted and found her alone. She was full of her beach adventure, and spoke in warmest terms of him to whom she owed her life.

"Pooh!" said St. John; "anybody would have waded out into the surf to save a lady. There was nothing to it."

Miss Everett raised her head majestically and turned red as fire with indignation. She looked at the matter in another light. This was her first and perhaps her only chance of having a hero all her own; and she was by no means disposed to let it slip. "Why do you talk like that?" she cried, angrily. "It was a noble deed; and whoever he was, I love him for it. I am quite certain none of you valiant yachtsmen would have dared as much. Oh, if I could only find him, I would do any thing for him."

"Is there no clue to him?" asked St. John, naturally much interested in the conversation.

"Not and that fact alone proves him no ordinary person. Uncle has offered a large reward, which he has only to come forward and claim. Yet, instead of that he disowns his heroic deed altogether. Oh, I wonder who he was."

"It must have been some one who had been watching you," suggested St. John, sagaciously.

"Why?"

"And that proves that it was some one in love with you," he went on, without heeding her question.

"Oh, do you think so?" and the superb Miss Everett was silly enough to blush with gratification. You see she was very much indeed in love with her hero.

"Yes," St. John went on, circumspectly; "and I think I can put my finger on him this minute."

"Oh, do!" cried she, looking affectionately at the finger he proposed to put on him.

"I will on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you will help me find an owner to this," and he held up the locket. Miss Everett screamed in indignation.

"Why would you get that?" she cried; "I lost it myself several days ago."

"Do you remember where?"

"No; where did you find it?"

"Why," says Fred, magnificently, "I was slightly confused at the time; but to the best of my knowledge and belief, I took it from a lady's neck, about half-past eight o'clock last Tuesday evening."

Miss Everett screamed again. She saw it all now. She regarded him with glistering eyes for a full minute, quite unable to speak.

"Well," said he, calmly enduring this scrutiny, "are you disappointed to find that your hero is only a poor yachtsman, after all?"

"Oh, forgive me," she said, imploringly, and in an instant her head was on his shoulder, and she was crying softly.

The wretch was base enough to follow up his advantage. "Didn't you say you could love the man who saved you?" he asked, slyly, and she answered nothing at all; but her beautiful little hand stole into his, and nestled there in a manner that showed its perfect willingness to remain forever and ever.

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UNDER THE GAS-LIGHT.

BY ST. XIMO.

Under the gas-light pale and cold
Lies a maiden of mortal mold,
And her hair the frosty gems
Sparkle like silver diadems.
And the soft, pure, feathery snow,
Flows down beneath the gas-light's glow,
Sundering the prostrate form in white,
Hiding it from the passer's sight.

Poor outcast from a happy home,
Caring not where your footsteps roam,
Masking beneath the brighter snows
The sadness that your heart beguiles;
Walking the street with weary feet,
Scorned by the people whom you meet,
What care they for the life of sin
Your saddened heart has wandered in?

Once you were fair and pure as those,
You now can count and count your woes,
But in an evil hour you fell,
Because, alas, you loved too well.
Ever it is, the same old tale,
Hidden behind a gauzy veil,
Under the pale, worn, freezing heart
Offers her charms within the mart.

Under the gas-light's marble glare
Next morning they found this maiden fair,
Never a friend to weep and pray
For her whose feet were led astray;
Never a tear upon her cheek,
No friend or kindred gathered near,
The strange, cold, frozen, frozen face,
The marble slab in coldness bore.

How the Burglars were Taken

BY READER H. MARBLE.

WE were on the railroad train, Johnson and I, rushing west at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Johnson was a detective, and he and I had known each other from boyhood. We talked over our school days as we sat on the train, and he told me of the various political questions of the day; we speculated on the weather; we brought forth every subject we could think of until, at last, there came a lull in the conversation. Then I said, as a sudden thought struck me:

"Johnson, don't you ever have any exciting adventures in your line of business? Tell us a story of your experience, will you?"

My friend laughed, and, fixing his keen gray eyes upon my face, answered, musingly:

"Exciting adventure? Hum—yes—I suppose they would call it such. There are a good many occurrences that I might relate, but I don't generally care to speak of them; however, as it is you, Reader, I will tell you of a curious capture that I made a few weeks ago—on one condition."

"Name it."

"That if I break off suddenly in the middle of my story you will not be displeased."

I knew he had some good reason for his proviso, so I said:

"Certainly not. I accept the condition."

"Last spring," he began, "I had occasion to track a noted burglar named Carey to Chicago, and back; but I didn't catch him after all. I almost had the clutches of the law upon him several times, but I think he must have got wind that he was pursued, for he did a number of shrewd things, and assumed a number of strange disguises, which baffled my every attempt. Still I determined he should not elude me by any mere subterfuge, and, though many times thrown off the trail, I entered B— a few hours after the fellow himself. I don't think he suspected he could be followed so closely, for he grew careless and soon I knew his whereabouts. I knew the man personally. We were long acquainted before I discovered his character, for he was a person of education, and in his deportment a perfect gentleman. A man whom you never would suspect to be guilty of the crime which had disgraced his career."

"Well, as I said, I found out where he was, and about nine o'clock one moonlight night, detective Davis and myself, disguised, went in search of him. It was at a house in the worst quarter of the city that we expected to find him, but he had once more slipped through our fingers. Foiled again, we turned our steps homeward. We parted at the corner, and I was proceeding up through the business streets alone, when, passing the door of a flashy saloon, I was surprised to hear the sound of a familiar voice. It was my man, earnestly engaged in conversation with another fellow of the same class. It was not discreet to take him just there, so, trusting to my disguise, I entered the place. There was a crowd around the bar, eating and drinking. They stopped their loud talking and laughing for a moment to gaze at me as I entered, and immediately resumed their hilarity. By and by the two came in from the doorway, went into one of the curtained recesses and ordered oysters. Their earnest conversation had the effect of rousing my curiosity, and here was an opportunity to learn what new mischief was brewing. I bought some little things, a doughnut or two, and left the saloon. Between this building and the next there was a passageway about four feet wide. Into this I went and reached the window of the stall where the burglars were. It was a warm evening in the last of May, and the window was open. I crouched down and listened, and recognized the deep bass voice of my criminal in a moment."

"What I learned that night surprised and astounded me, and I don't need to tell you all, to tell you what was a bearing on this case. They were indeed plotting mischief. However, I discovered, among other things, that they were going to Nova Scotia and Canada to join a gang of thieves, that my gentleman was the leading spirit, and that a wealthy city in Northern Massachusetts was also to be a scene of their depredations, where the whole gang would appear. I learned the whole plan, the whole method of procedure, before I left the spot. This question then presented itself to me: 'Would it not be better to let this fellow alone for the present, and by so doing, capture the whole band?' I thought it would, and, notwithstanding the large amount offered for his arrest, I resolved to keep my own secret and let him depart in peace."

"The next day I discovered he took passage in a vessel bound for Halifax. I proceeded at once to S—, the city which they proposed to visit. I had many acquaintances in this place, and, without telling my object, I gave a description of my man to several whom I knew I could trust. I also notified the police to look out for him about the first of September. I directed each of these persons to telegraph me a brief message if they should see a man who answered the description. Still I was afraid he would disguise himself and foil me again."

"One day in the latter part of August I received a telegram, which, besides the address and signature, contained just one word—'Come.' I was surprised at this and rather provoked for I felt sure my friend had made a mistake. I had expected no such message until September, and I intended to remain in S— during the greater part of that month and watch myself. I concluded to go, however, because I had been sent for than because I had any hopes of success. The friend who sent me the message was a keeper of an eating house, a prompt, honest man, with a brisk,

keen way about him that I had always admired. I had thought him very observant, but I jumped to the conclusion that he had been fooled this time. I reached S— early that afternoon and went at once to the saloon of my friend.

"Well, what's the news, Jim?" said I, as I entered.

"I've seen your man," said he, positively.

"Sure?" I asked, incredulously.

"I'm sure he answered your description. I've watched for him every day."

"Tell me what you know," said I. "What kind of a looking man was he?"

"He was tall, good-looking, well-dressed, had a slight scar over the left eye, a splendid bass voice, and appeared like a perfect gentleman."

"Good! that's him," said I, exultingly.

"Did he want to put a patent spring on your door?"

"That's just exactly what he wanted to do. He came in at noon, walked up and asked me if I was the proprietor. I told him I was. Then he wanted to know if he couldn't sell me one of the best door springs ever invented. I told him I didn't think I needed one, and I noticed that he didn't urge me much. He said he should call around again by next spring, and perhaps I'd want one then. He got his dinner, paid for it, and departed, and appeared like a gentleman, as I said before. Now, Johnson, what do you want him for? What's he been doing? Will you tell me?"

"Feeling sure that I could trust the man, I told him in a few brief words what I have told you, and this besides: that the gang were intending to rob three banks in this city, all in one night; that the 'gentleman' of the party with his door-springs went ahead to examine the doors and fastenings and take the impression of the keyholes; in short, to make the way clear for the rest of the party."

"I now went directly to the banks and found the men I wanted, but they came not. I was fast getting discouraged, when one afternoon I saw a familiar face at the car window as a train from the East rolled into the station. I had seen it but once before, and that in the evening, but I knew it immediately. It was the face of one of the plotters whom I had overheard in the saloon. It was not the 'chief,' however. He left the train and I followed him up the street. When he got opposite the City Bank, he stopped. I did the same. He took a long look, and then walked on to the Independence Hotel. I followed. Then he went to the Orient, and then backward and forward all the afternoon, with me following behind. This man was a 'spotter,' I knew, but his precise object I couldn't surmise. I determined to arrest him and use him against the others if I could. I went up behind him, quietly, and laid my hand upon his arm."

"You are my prisoner," I said, sharply.

"The man turned with a scornful laugh. 'What do you charge me with?' he sneeringly said. 'Perhaps you mistake my man.'

"There is no mistake," said I; "you will come with me."

"What do you charge me with?" he repeated, with an oath.

"I'll tell you what," said I, drawing my revolver as I saw a threatening demonstration on his part; "with an intended robbery in this city and with crimes committed in Canada. Make any resistance, or attempt to escape, and you're a dead man."

"A frightened look came over his countenance and he turned so pale I thought he was about to faint. I took advantage of this momentary agitation to slip a pair of 'braclets' onto his wrists. He soon recovered himself, the crimson tide came back into his face, and he said, in a husky voice:

"I have been betrayed, but they shall suffer for this yet, the mean traitors!"

"I was willing he should think his friends had been false, so I didn't undress him. I led him to the station-house, where he was safely lodged for the night. There I left him for some hours. When I came back, he was bending forward, his head resting on his hands, apparently in great distress of mind. He was young, and I felt rather sorry for him."

"I have come," said I, "to give you a chance. We know all about your gang. We know your leader very well. We understand the door-spring game perfectly. We shall probably have all of them very soon; it depends upon you how soon. Now, if you want a chance for revenge, you can have it and serve yourself too. You are young, and it is hard to spend thirty years of life in a prison. I will use my influence for you, if you will help me."

"To make a long story short, after much persuasion and many threats, and after copious appeals to his selfishness and suspiciousness, he confessed all. He gave me information that led, two nights afterward, to the arrest of ten as desperate villains as there is in Massachusetts. We had a hard tussle, and had to shoot one fellow before we captured them; but we took them three or four at a time, in different parts of the city, so that made the matter easier. But Haldeman, the man I had wanted so long, the gentlemanly leader, was once more lucky enough to make his escape. The bank folks raised a thousand dollars for me, in consideration of my services, and I made friend Jim a present of a gold watch for his valuable assistance. The criminals will all get a heavy sentence but the one who confessed. I shall make another thousand when I capture Haldeman, and so shall get handsomely paid for my trouble."

"Have you not given up hope of ever getting him?" I inquired, as Johnson finished his story.

"No, sir; I guess not," replied he. "To tell you the truth, Reader," said he, lowering his voice, "I expect to take him this very night. I expect him to get aboard this train at some country station. This is why I told you I might break off my story suddenly. That's why I'm traveling on this train at all. The conductor is looking out for the other cars and I'm watching this myself."

We rode on for a time in silence, I pondering over the strange story of my friend, which was to have such a wonderful sequel, he with hat pulled over his eyes, apparently asleep. The train stopped at several way-stations and a number of persons got in and out, but my friend appeared to take no notice of this fact. By and by he bent over to me and asked quietly:

"Readie, do you see that fine-looking man at the fourth car of the car?"

"That clerical-looking gentleman do you mean, with the book in his hand?"

"The same! Well, he's the fellow I want. He got in at the last station. I've got to arrest him."

"Not that noble-looking man, surely," said I.

"The very one!" he answered, with a smile, as he rose from his seat and walked toward him.

My friend laid his hand on the man's shoulder and said something. The villain sprang quickly to his feet and tried to pull out a pistol, but Johnson sprang upon him like a tiger. The conductor came in just here, and both together they overpowered the rascal.

When the train stopped at the next station, I saw Johnson leading the fellow, handcuffed, from the train.

Some time after this I learned by the newspapers that the whole gang were convicted, and my cool friend, the detective, had made another thousand dollars.

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A SORROWFUL LEERIC.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The late Phoebe Cary was somewhat noted for the ridiculous play upon words that was a talent; she would pun, and travestie, and draw absurd analogies until the listener would forget to do any thing but laugh. But, we do not know that Phoebe, with all her wit, ever perpetrated a more absurd and laughable grammatical burlesque than what our contributor here offers. It is a real literary curiosity.]

John Spriggins loved the widow Sue,
And for her hand he sued,
And prayed she'd be the widow, who'd
Resign her widowhood;
And all things for her sake he'd do
That ever could be done.

He said for her his heart did heave
As it had never hove,
And if she did that heart deceive,
As it was ne'er desove,
He then would be compelled to grieve
As he had never grieve.

He said his peace could not abide
Away from her abode,
His burning love he fain would hide,
But it would not be hoed;
It would through all the future glide
As it had always glide.

Said he, "My dear, of you I think
As no man ever think,
I think your eyes when they do blink
The best that ever blink;
They have the very sweetest wink
That ever yet was wink."

The brightest mouth I ever saw
Or any man has saw,
Those lips, oh, I would like to chaw
As lips were never chaw,
One kiss from them my soul would thaw
As it was never thaw."

He thought the songs that she would sing
Were never sweeter sung,
Such tears into his eyes they'd bring
As ne'er before were sung,
And with a very costly ring
Her tender heart he sung.

By kindly phrase he did contrive,
And thought he had contrived,
To make his fond attentions thrive,
But ah, they never thrived;
The day he looked for to arrive
Alas, it ne'er arrived.

Another man came who could sing
More words than e'er were sang,
And from John Spriggins he took wing,
And with that other sang,
Cried John, "Alas, she does not cling!
I'm sorry that I sang."

His tender heart began to freeze,
His fond attentions froze,
Heart-pains upon his life did seize,
And on his bosom soze,
And he began to weep and sneeze—
Such sneezes ne'er were soze.

His hair he then began to tear,
And fearfully he tore,
His breast was filled with worse despair
Than ever man before,
And he began to rave and rear,
And awfully he tore.

He bought some laudanum to drink,
And quite a lot he drank,
He doubled up, and bled him blink
Was all the blink he blink,
The sexton dug a six-foot chink,
And in John Spriggins chink.

Strange Stories.

THE BLOODY DEER.

A Legend of the Youth of Great King Alfred.

BY AGILE PENNE.

ETHELWOLF, King of England, departing to fight the Danes, who in the north had overthrown all opposition, entrusted young Prince Alfred, then but some sixteen years of age, to the care of Dunstan, the learned Abbot of Winchester.

Sorely the prince chafed that he was not allowed to join his father in the tented field, and stubbornly he repelled the teaching of the good abbot.

With hound and horse he sought the deer in the thickets near by to Winchester, and in a hunting excursion he chanced to meet with a buxom girl, known far and wide as the Lass of Upton.

She was an innkeeper's daughter and dwelt with her parents, in Upton town. Shocked indeed was the good abbot when he learned that the boy who some day might be the occupant of the English throne, had been caught by the charms of an obscure village beauty; and in grave meditation he reflected how he should wean the young prince from the dangerous infatuation.

Alfred, young and hot-headed, scorned the monkly lore of Dunstan, and enjoyed only the wild freedom of the chase, and the hours that he basked in the smiles of the village lass, whose vanity was greatly plumed because a king's son knelt at her feet.

At the close of a chill October day, the good abbot summoned the young prince to his cell, and questioned him why it was that he neglected his studies, and disobeyed his father's commands.

Briefly the prince made reply, that the son of England's king was born for soldier, and not for a monk; that the trade of arms should be his, and not the study of the illuminated missals—the treasure of Winchester Abbey; and since he could not at his father's side fight the Danes, then amid the wood he would hunt the swift deer and the fierce wild boar.

A bitter sigh came from the lips of the abbot. "Oh, young prince," he said, "do you not know that the sports of the chase are dangerous to your royal line? Since the time of Ruric the Red, the Bloody Deer has ever been the harbinger of evil to thy house, and last night I am told the fearful shade was again seen roaming through the forest near by."

"The Bloody Deer?" exclaimed the prince, in wonder; "and what manner of beast is that?"

"Know you not the legend of the blood-red deer?" questioned the abbot, in surprise.

"Never heard I aught of such a thing till now," the prince replied.

"Listen, then, to the tradition," the monk said, solemnly. "Seven generations back lived Ruric, son of Cedric, the founder of our monarchy. Ruric was commonly termed 'The Red,' from his tawny beard and hair. In size he was a giant; in disposition cruel and overbearing. Hunting once within our forest here, he met with good Bernard, then Abbot of Winchester, who, with his train, was also intent upon killing the antlered stag. A fine fat buck roamed from his covert by the attendants of the abbot, ran across the path of cruel Red Ruric; both parties followed in chase; the deer at bay fell, transfixed by two arrows; one shot by Red Ruric, the other by Abbot Bernard. Over the body of the deer a king's son and the lowly follower of the blessed cross disputed. The deer belonged to the abbot by rights. 'Twas harbored in the forests of the abbey, and was first reared from its lair by the abbot's men. With many a fierce oath, Red Ruric swore that he would have the deer, whether by fair means or foul. The abbot, firm in his rightful claim, reproved the royal lord as roughly as though he had been but the meanest knave who followed in his train. The rough soldier-blood boiling in his veins, Red Ruric drew his sword and slew the abbot, even in holy ground; his knaves, too, acting on his word, attacked the

followers of Bernard, and murdered all save those that escaped by flight.

"A foul deed for an armed man to slay a helpless monk, even though the assassin was a king's son!" exclaimed Alfred in heat.

"Ruric the Red knew no law save his own ruthless will," replied the abbot; "not only did he slay those that offended him in cold blood, but he married, against his father's will, a peasant maid, and then, tiring of her, cruelly deserted her, when affairs of state demanded that he should wed a princess."

Alfred changed color; the shaft had hit him fairly.

"But what has the Bloody Deer to do with the tale that thou hast told?" he asked, striving to hide his confusion.

"Since the time of the abbot's untimely death, a bloody deer has been seen to haunt the forest, and wise men say that the deer is the spirit of the murdered man; for as the abbot fell beneath the blows of stern Ruric, and lay weltering in his blood, he called down a most terrible curse upon Ruric and his followers, even to the seventh generation."

"And has the curse worked?" inquired Alfred, in great curiosity.

"Yes; one of each generation has been decoyed into the forest by this phantom deer and forever disappeared from the eyes of the world. In some secluded brake their bones have been found, proofs that they had perished by the power of the unquiet ghost of the murdered abbot."

The prince was silent for a time, pondering over the story.

"Abbot, I doubt your tale," he cried, at length; "no Bloody Deer have I seen within the forest, nor do I believe that one exists."

"The evidence of thine own eyes shall convince thee," replied the abbot, solemnly. "To-night at the midnight hour lie with me unto the forest. Perchance the deer will come, and then you will believe."

"Agreed!" cried the prince; "and if the Bloody Deer comes not, why, abbot, thou art but a crafty fellow to think to scare me from my way by the story of a specter deer."

At midnight, under a great oak tree, the abbot and the prince, alone, without followers, waited for the coming of the specter.

In his hand the prince bore his crossbow, determined to try a shot at the deer if he should come. The abbot bore his beads and a cross, formed of wood brought from the Holy Land; his missal, too, was in his hand. Ample protection was he from the power of the agents of the Evil One.

The night was rough, the wind whistled among the trees, and the clouds scudded across the sky in wild confusion; the air was chill and nipped the watchers, even to the bone.

"It will soon come and we will hear the sounds of the chase behind it, although we two are the only mortals here," said the abbot.

"A crew of phantoms follow the track of the deer," the prince said.

"Yes; even as Red Ruric and the hapless Bernard followed the fat buck that was destined to breed so fatal a quarrel."

"Specter though it may be, I'll try an arrow on the Bloody Deer if it comes within range, if my arm does not lose its power!" the prince exclaimed. Little fear had the heir to royalty of the abbot's specter.

Ere the two had waited twenty minutes beneath the shade of the spreading oak, a fearful din rose on the air. There was the sound of baying hounds and the hunting-horn, and the crash of horses' hoofs, and then through the glade of the greenwood came a bounding deer.

The moon shone out as he crossed the open space and revealed a deer, red as blood from hoof to horn.

Scarce within range was the terrible form, but the undaunted prince let fly an arrow, and so true was his aim that it pierced the deer through and through.

With almost a human groan the buck came crashing down on its fore-legs and then rolled over on its side dead.

A minute after, prince and monk stood by the side of the stricken beast.

"No specter this, abbot!" cried Alfred, with a glance of reproach, "but a common deer cunningly dyed, and by your order too, I think, for this eve, after vesper, I read the chronicles of our house, and Cedric, the founder, ne'er had a son named Ruric. I understand your object, though, and will bargain with thee. Gain permission for me to join my father to fight the Danes and I will forget all unworthy a king's son."

Dunstan got the prince his way, and after years proved that he forgot not his promise; nor the lesson taught by the Bloody Deer.

Two Women.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON

"Don't trust your eyes there, Dalton. The very Lucifer is in her."

Then Lucifer never appeared in a fairer form. Who is she, did you say?

"I did not say. Come away before you tempt the spell of the siren. She's worse than any Lullie that ever sung."

"I may be young and susceptible, Val, but I am not an idiot, I believe. You've roused my curiosity regarding the golden-haired beauty. I think I shall strike an acquaintance on the spot, at any rate make the attempt. Come along; do the honors of the occasion, and consider me indebted hereafter."

"Not I," said Valentine May, doggedly. "Go to your own doom if you are determined; the very Satan is in you when you take that set. Don't say I haven't done my duty in warning you."

"You speak as though you might know how it is yourself, by Jove! Well, I forgive you, old fellow! A burnt child is apt to dread the fire."

Dalton lounged in a south window, where the sunshine filtered over his hair, turning it to gold-bronze, his broad chest and stalwart shoulders carrying him in a crowd above and before most other men, a handsome young riking of this nineteenth century, whose smile "was the smile that the angels wear," whose twenty-eight years sat upon him without the addition of a serious care. Valentine May, more slight, less tall, dark, and with more fire under his still exterior than even Dalton ever suspected, stood straight and stiff just without, his eyes moodily following the other's gaze through the long hall, flooded with light, hung on every side with curtains of blue to subdue the glare, cumbered with easels, where long-haired artists, with velvet caps on their heads, were at work, and a white-bearded old veteran, who might have had the soul of a Titian, so great was the enthusiasm with which his eye kindled and his cheek flushed, directed their labors. Quite at the opposite end, with busy brush and absorbed to the exclusion of all passing incidents, with hair in one massive golden coil encircling his head, with a white hand, perfect as a model, moving swiftly before the canvas, with the regular profile and contour of snowy throat occasionally presented, was the lady artist who had taken Dalton's eye.

Before he had moved there came the rustle of sweeping silks, a faint violet fragrance, and Miss Earncliffe stood there.

"Mr. May! I was almost convinced that we had lost you, and 'Beatrice' the inspiring touch which is yet to turn the shadow to a life-like semblance. Mr. Dalton I had the pleasure of meeting at breakfast. Did I find you gazing at Lucia as I came up? Come and be introduced, if you wish. I am proud of my protegee's genius, I assure you. You are coming?" Her glance was toward Valentine May. He bowed assent and followed in silence, as Miss Earncliffe dropped her hand on Dalton's arm and swept with him up the long hall.

Half a dozen pairs of eyes followed them, more than one half-audible sigh stirred the golden air. Student hearts are impressible as wax, and these pupils of Monsieur Laporte were the most visionary of students. Said one of the long-haired artists to his neighbor on the right:

"See our two Junos side by side. Which one is your passion, Verne?"

"Do you need to ask? The goddess of the golden locks, who can compare with her? Eyes of the true Grenze blue, and profile of the purest Greek, every one must admit the Desmond perfection unrivaled."

"So do not I, then. The other is like a pearl."

"A pure, transparent, pale and radiant face," she is rightly named Marguerite. But—with a sigh—she is engaged to Dalton, an arrangement of convenience at that. Such an end for that magnificent creature!"

It may cause us to smile sometimes, this dreamer's enthusiasm, but the sentiment itself is like a delicate, odorous vase, a thing of beauty, though so frail it may be shattered almost by a breath.

And meantime Lucia Desmond's eyes, Grenze-blue and gold-lashed, flashed their radiance on Dalton, the soft, white hand laid in his palm, and he, who had thrilled under the light pressure of Miss Earncliffe's fingers, thrilled again under the electric influence of this touch.

"Let me hope that Marguerite's friend may be my friend," said Dalton, as he bowed before her. "How singular that we never met before with such a common bond of sympathy between us!"

A tiny red flame burned in the center of Miss Earncliffe's usually pale cheeks, and the line of lip under Valentine May's jetty mustache grew hard and straight, as he was frozen instantly to twice his usual haughty coldness.

"Marguerite is so fortunate in her friends, always with my poor self excepted, it is not strange I should be far removed from their circle. Mr. May, who has a nearer approach to my view, will assure you of the perfect justice of the case."

"You give me too much credit in supposing I could comprehend your view, Miss Desmond."

Dalton fathomed the antagonism between the two in that single passage of words. He could resist the temptation, even with Marguerite at his side, to try his power where another had failed, though the other should be his dearest friend.

"You can not refuse to be included in the little circle here. Do you take pupils in your art, Miss Desmond? I never was impressed before with so much of its attractiveness."

"It would be a poor return of kindness to enter a rivalry with Monsieur Laporte," Lucia smiled. "I am purely selfish in my own devotion to it."

"You are progressing," said Miss Earncliffe's low, calm voice. "Your picture has grown, under your hand, with almost wonderful rapidity, Lucia."

"I am not satisfied with it. I came down here to paint the sea, but the waves will not run, the winds will not curl, nor the sunshine dimple it here on the canvas."

"You long for more than mortal can attain."

"Mademoiselle's touch is excellent," said the old Monsieur at their backs. "She has genius, she has talent. Mark me, she will succeed."

He was gone again, like a noiseless ghost, and Miss Desmond dropped a curtain over her unfinished work.

"Enough for to-day. Mr. May, did my coming frighten you from here? I learned yesterday for the first that the unmoving green baize yonder was the sign of your stand. I can only plead ignorance as excuse for the prospect of such near neighborhood was displeasing."

"Like the general class of Bohemians, I am indifferent to surroundings, Miss Desmond. I have scarcely been painting at all since I came here, but shall begin work in all earnestness to-morrow."

"What are you at now, May? Have you it here?"

"Only in outline. As I said, I have not yet been working. My 'Beatrice' has been sadly neglected."

"For a Lucia?" asked Dalton, in an aside. "Never mind, old fellow."

"'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

There, don't scorch me with such a fiery eye. If you take chaffing so seriously, I shall know there is truth in my suspicion that the fair Desmond has thrown you over."

After that, the two were much together. May was good as his assertion, if he had lost time before, he made it up in the long moments of steady work which followed. "Beatrice" grew under his brush, and wore the clear, pale features, the deep dark eyes, the rippling hair of Marguerite Earncliffe.

"Pon my word," said Dalton, lounging into the hall one morning before the students and other regular habitués of the place had appeared. You are not by any means backward in your appropriations. You will be willing to make the amende honorable by disposing of the picture to me, I presume. A fellow may be pardoned not liking the semblance of his intended put up for some other fellow's buying. Coming from you I can appreciate the delicate compliment, though I'd resent it from any other quarter."

"The picture is not for sale, Dalton."

"Come now, that's cool if it isn't pleasant."

Valentine May's brush went down upon his palette, and he faced about sternly.

"What need you care for that or any other encroachment of the claim which you see proper to violate every day? I never had another friend so near as you have been, Dalton; but if you show yourself the fickle poltroon your late conduct hints, if you prove faithless to Marguerite Earncliffe now, all my old friendship shall not prevent my exposing you in your property."

"Don't grow excited, Val. Who says I have any idea of being faithless? I'm willing to punch any fellow's head who may have been meddling."

"I speak from my own observation. If you are true to Miss Earncliffe, you will cease the flirtation you have been carrying to a desperate length with Lucia Desmond. I tell you she means mischief by it, whatever you may think."

"I pardon your interference for the sake of your motive, May; and I have no intention of breaking with Marguerite. That is satisfactory, I hope."

Miss Desmond herself entering by a near door, had drawn back into an ante-room, and listened to the latter part of their conversation.

"No intention of breaking with Marguerite," she repeated under her breath, a smile not pleasant to see upon her mouth. "I should like to be as certain that her heart will break with it as that he will break with her inside a week."

But for once Miss Desmond had calculated without her host. Dalton was no less gallant than before, but it was diamond cut diamond with them two while she had made her mistake in supposing him thoroughly earnest. The week went by and he had not broken with Miss Earncliffe.

"She will marry him and be happy in spite of me," thought Lucia Desmond, bitterly, watching their two forms, a little in advance of her, out against the red late sunset. "If Mephistopheles could make an appearance in this day, I would sell my soul to have my revenge on her."

Mephistopheles may answer a call even in this day, though not in the shape he appeared to Faust.

Dalton waited for her on a little knoll as she advanced a moment later. He had chanced upon the two ladies during their evening stroll quite by accident.

"Marguerite has gone on into the mill," he said. "I can't wait and go back with her, but I promised to meet Verne, and shall be late as it is."

He took out a cigar as he spoke and fumbled through his pockets impatiently.

"I've lost my match-box, and I must have dropped it near here. No matter. I haven't time to look now. Good-night, Miss Desmond."

Something surely had gone amiss with Dalton. It was not like him to be so abrupt; he was pale and constrained, but Miss Desmond saw nothing of this. Her eyes on the grass had caught a metallic glimmer, knowing what it was at the very first. She waited until he was quite gone, and then stooped to recover the match-box he had dropped. The mill, a ruinous old building, dry as tinder in this summer weather, was but a few paces away. Lucia Desmond's set, demonic face looked in for one moment, and then she withdrew shivering that warm evening. She had seen Marguerite at quite the further end of the mill at a window which overlooked the dry "race," twenty-five feet below. She drew back, not wavering even then, a horrible sense of guilty triumph came upon her, start up among the dry twigs and shavings which littered the decaying floor. She saw it rush with incredible rapidity, seizing the combustible matter about; she saw what seemed to be the whole ruinous structure burst into an almost instantaneous blaze, and she heard a shriek which rung in her ears and haunted her years after when she was on her dying bed. She shrank down, covering her eyes with her hands, waiting for the final crash.

Instead came the sound of flying steps; a shape rushed past her, and she started up to see Valentine May tearing away the burning boards with his naked hands, seizing a fallen beam and prying out the aperture he had made large enough for him to pass. The rotten wood gave way like paper before him, and he disappeared in the midst of smoke and flame.

Other panting forms rushed close, Dalton and Verne among them, but she crouched in the grass, wet already with the falling dew, staring with a horrible fascination she could not break at the burning pile.

She saw, without knowing how, Marguerite's unconscious form borne out through the very midst of the flame; she saw the whole mass totter and fall; saw May hurled forward and lie with deathlike face turned up under the lurid glow, a cruel mark upon the temple where a burning brand had struck him.

The cold horror which chained her broke then. She threw herself forward on her knees at his side, dumb agony in her face, and Dalton seeing her so for the first time, read aright the secret of this woman's heart.

Hours later when it was known that Valentine May had not received his deathblow, Dalton faced her, his fingers like an iron manacle about her wrist when she strove to draw away.

"That was no accident," he said, hoarsely. "Why did you do it?"

"Because I hated her." The bitter malevolence in her tone still chilled him. "But for her I should have been where she is to-day. I was to have married her uncle, an old man with both feet in the grave, but she prevented it and was his heiress three months afterward. More, she stole the heart of the only man I ever loved, and I would have married you to have my revenge if you had been any more flexible than you were. See what you escaped and be thankful."

"Know what you have brought about," he returned. "Marguerite dismissed me to-night up there by the mill; it was no fault of hers, poor girl! that we were bound at all. She and May understand each other at last."

And in her bedside of Valentine May, his hand in hers, Marguerite was whispering, "I never loved any one but you."

on my fire, took down old Killbuck, an' away I went on a tramp.

"Boys, the mimm! I got into the wood-path I begun to feel easier. A load seemed to be lifted from my heart, somehow, and I hadn't gone half a mile when I was myself ag'in an' c'd heve gone back to camp an' waited cool enuff fur you to come in. But I were on the tramp now, an' the breath of the balsam and pine made me wish fur a walk, an' so I kept on free an' easy, never thinking of game. About a mile out of camp, where the moon was shining through the trees, I stepped into a little opening an' sot down on a knoll to rest, with Killbuck lying on my knees. I kept quiet, perhaps because it's nat'ral fur me to do that, an' was thinking what a fool I was to git skeered out of my camp, when I looked up an' see, not twenty yards away, between me and the bushes, a couple of sparks of fire about five feet from the ground.

"Venison! I knowed what those two sparks meant ez well ez ef it were broad daylight. They was the eyes of a deer looking across the opening an' standing silent ez death. I cocked my rifle with ez much care ez possible an' the quick motion of the two bright sparks told me thiet he heard the click, an' I heard him jump back among the bushes. I didn't move, because I were pretty sartin thiet ef I didn't I'd hev a chance at him yit. The deer is a cur's critter, an' ef thar is any thing about thiet he don't understand, he is jest foolish enuff to try to investigate.

"I got my rifle to my shoulder an' riz on one knee 'bout makin' any noise, when I heard him whistle, an' ef you will believe it, he charged straight down on me. I never was so 'stonished at a little thing in my life, but I wanted him to stop an' he stopped—kinder! He went down all in a heap an' I commenced to load up, 'cause I never rush in on a buck without a load in the old rifle. They are dreadful mean about dying sometimes. I put on a cap an' went toward the buck, when I see two sparks of fire just about the size of a deer's eyes shining close to the ground, but they wa'n't deer's eyes by no manner of means. No; they hed a different look, an' turned all manner of colors in thar bark. They was ez big ez eyes, but whiter, wilder, or paler I couldn't tell in the dark, but I knowed now what hed skeered the deer an' made him charge down on me in thet foolish way. The animal, whatever it were, hed jumped onto his back out of a tree.

"Boys, I were mad, I tell ye. The idee of being bilked out on my meat in thet way rised all the angry passions in my bosom, an' I wouldn't stand it. I made up my mind, cat or painter, thar would be a fight fur thet venison, so I drew up Killbuck an' sighted fair atween the sparks of fire an' let him hev it. It were a poor night fur close shooting, with the trees casting shadows on the barrel, but I didn't care much, an' cracked away.

"Thunder! Thet ball seemed skeeredly to hev left the barrel when I heard the screech of a painter an' no mistake, an' half a minnit arter suthin' struck me an' I went down all in a heap, with the painter on top. I got my left hand into the loose skin on thet painter's back, got out my stickler an' went to work. She kept busy, too, an' fur mebbe five minnits we hed the liveliest bar-fight you ever heard on. How I wish I hed Dan's knife then! I don't hold to pistols much, 'cause they don't seem handy to me, but I'd hev liked one then. The way I held the painter I kept her jaws off her neck, but I couldn't hold her cussid paws. I noticed, even while I was socking the knife inter her, thiet the painter didn't use her hind claws—an' they ain't he'ly, now. Finally, ez I got the knife in behind her shoulder an' bore hard on it, she made a spring thiet loosened my hold, give one wild screech an' fell dead across my body.

"I lighted a chunk an' looked at her, an' found out why I wasn't ripped into clothes-line. My ball hed hit her in the small of the back an' weakened the backbone so thiet the hind-quarters wa'n't no use, an', in my kalkulation, thet saved my life. Thar's suthin' more than luck in a chance shot like thet. Thar's other work fur the old man to do afore he goes to rest."

His breast was covered with deep scratches from the forepaws of the giant "painter," and he had dressed his wounds with some forest herb, the use of which he had learned from the Indians. No man who saw him do his work next day would have suspected that he felt or cared for his hurts. We feasted on the venison, and Harry Viator can show my man the skin of the panther, with the marks of Old Ben's bullet and knife upon it.

Beat Time's Notes.

In the last race I attended, the yacht I was on flew through the water so fast that the friction of the waves actually set the rudder afire. It really went twice as fast as the wind, it was such a Beet craft. Several times, so swift was the speed, the bow was four miles out of the stern, and had to lay-to to wait for it to come up. We won the cup-of-cider. No one ever saw such a race; indeed, our yacht went as if it went on legs—too fast, in fact, because people with only the very sharpest eyes could see it at all. It made the very dust fly up from the sea. It almost ran out from under us as we stood on deck. This yacht is for sale.

MITES have been discovered in the air so small that it took five men and fourteen microscopes to see a full-fed one. If you should meet one of these monsters out in the wilderness, and he was ready to grab you up and swallow you, it would be better for your feelings if you had been smothered to death by your nurse, years ago.

I READ the other day that if you oiled your hand you could hold a red-hot iron as long as you wanted to. Will any gentleman have the goodness to tell me just where I could find the man who wrote it? I would rather see him than anybody else. I burn to see him—so does my hand. It would be sweet to see him a moment.

I OWE a man in this city fifteen dollars. He wouldn't sell me a horse the other day for one hundred dollars; if he had sold him to me, should have been killed before now. I feel that I honestly owe that man fifteen or sixteen dollars.

THE wind blew so hard this morning that when I attempted to look across the street, it blew my eyesight down several squares. The wind was so thick you couldn't see through it.

AMERICANS are said to be better dressed than any other people. The citizens of the interior of Africa would be a good deal better dressed, I think.

I HAVE the pleasure of listening every night to Thomas concert in my neighborhood. The music is fur-fetched.

THE best way to keep promises is not to give them to anybody.

THE wind blew so hard this morning that when I attempted to look across the